

1607/782
The **thesaurus Ænigmaticus:**
O R, A
COLLECTION
Of the most
Ingenious and Diverting
ÆNIGMA'S
O R
RIDDLES:

IN FOUR PARTS.

The whole being design'd for Universal Entertainment; And in particular for the Exercise of the Fancies of the **CURIOUS**.

To which is prefix'd

A *Preface*, and a *Discourse* of ÆNIGMA'S in General. With an Explication of all the ÆNIGMA'S.

D U B L I N :

Printed by S. POWELL, for GEORGE RISE,
GEORGE EWING, and WILLIAM SMITH,
Booksellers, in *Dame's-street*, 1727.

The General
O. E. A.
COLLECTION



RECEIVED
JAN 10 1888

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
LIBRARY
ANN ARBOR, MICH.
JAN 10 1888

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
LIBRARY
ANN ARBOR, MICH.
JAN 10 1888

The PREFACE.

AS 'tis observable, that not only our * Opera's; and † Theatres, have of late been ranſack'd; but that even * Pycorner it ſelf has not eſcap'd the furious Attacks of our Modern Collectors; It may not ſurely be thought impertinent to thruſt the following Collection of *Ænigma's* or Riddles among the Crowd: Since, contrary to the Tendency of many others of the ſame Nature, this which is now offer'd, conſiſting only of what is perfectly agreeable and polite, will doubtleſs afford an innocent and inſtructive variety of Entertainment to the Mind and Fancy of every Reader: For what Exercise can be more beneficial to thoſe, who will give themſelves Leiſure from Sports and Gaming, to try their Skill in reſolving of *Ænigma's* and Questions, which will not only whet the Appetite of both Sexes to the Love of Literature in General, but occaſionally provoke them to the reading much Poetry and Hiſtory in particular; and at the ſame time put them into a ſerious and methodical way of thinking on any Subjects, which by all muſt be acknowledg'd no ſmall Advantage to the Mind.

But as I think it needleſs to make any further Apology for that which will carry its own Excuse along with it; ſo I am in Hopes, that it will be no diſagreeable Amuſement to the Reader, before we come to the Riddles themſelves, to prefix a Diſcourſe concerning *Ænigma's* or Riddles in general; whereby it may appear, from the Antiquity, Uſefulneſs, and Univerſality of this ſort of Exercise, that the preſent undertaking will not be look'd upon ſo mean and trifling, as by the captious Deſpiſers of the Deſigns of others may at firſt Sight be apprehended.

* A Collection of Opera Songs. † The Hive, Theſaurus Dramaticus, &c. * A Collection of old Ballads



Of *Ænigma's*.

AN *Ænigma*, or *Riddle*, is a dark Description of Things clear and well known, to be explain'd for the Exercise and Diversion of the Mind. What was a Fault in those ancient Painters, whose Pictures were so drawn, that Men were oblig'd to ask what they were, is an extream Perfection in an *Ænigma*, principally when the way of darkning the plainest Things is so ingenious and beautiful, that it sometimes strikes the Soul with Admiration, while we pleasingly wonder how it was possible to lay, as it were, a Veil before the Sun.

All Ages have much esteem'd those pleasing and innocent Surprisals; and they must never have read *Josephus*, *Herodotus*, *Plutarch*, and *Epictetus*, who do not know that *Ænigmatick* Questions have formerly been the Diversion of Princes and Philosophers. All know that the Queen of *Sheba* propos'd some to the wisest of Kings. Books are full of those ingenious Discourses, and shew us how in the midst of Games and Feasts, some of these great Men, never to let the Faculty of the Soul be idle, seeing God hath kindled it in us like a Fire, whose Property is incessantly to Act, join'd the Pleasures of the Mind to those of the Senses, and admitted of no Recreation without Wit. In that time, instead of vicious and foolish, the Magnificence of the Great was virtuous and learned.

Thus, since there have been learned Princes, Poets, and Philosophers, *Ænigma's* have been in Request, there being nothing more natural to Man, than to offer and solve difficult Questions, affecting by that some Recommendation of Wit above the rest. We must not therefore imagine that *Ænigma's* were



Of *Ænigma's*.

were invented by the *Greeks*, tho' they gave them that Name. They us'd Arts and Sciences as Conquerers do vanquish'd Nations, and chang'd the Appellation of what they usurp'd. The Etymology of the Word *Ænigma* being taken from a *Greek Verb*, which signifies *to darken*, and *hide*; all dark Discourses, puzzling Questions, and, even, Parables, and some Proverbs, have pass'd for *Ænigma's*; nay, whatever obscurely bears the Image of some Object, is sometimes said to be his *Ænigma*. And Cardinal *Cusa* names the Sun and the World thus, because they represented God. In this Sense Geometrical Figures, as the Pyramid and the Circle, by which *Plato* did use to describe the Properties of Fire and of the Soul, are call'd *Ænigmata Rectitudinis*. But I do not treat here of these sort of *Ænigma's*.

All the Productions of Nature or Art, either single or compound, may be the Subject of *Ænigma's*, provided they are generally known; for what Wit wou'd there be in darkening what is already so in it self? And so methinks, that most abstracted and mystical Things are not the most proper, having generally more need to be enlightened than obscur'd. I need not say, that they ought to be on modest Subjects, for all Men must know that to corrupt the Purity of the *Muses* is a kind of Sacrilege; and that *Greek* who made one on that the *Latins* call *Podex*, hath, methinks, entail'd a perpetual Disgrace on his Memory. Neither can what we call Privations, as Death, Blindness, Deafness, &c. be admitted as fit Subjects, since they cannot be represented but by contrary Forms, giving a Being to what has none.

Mixt or complex *Ænigma's*, ought always to consist of such Bodies as naturally join together, as the *Vine* and the *Elm*, the *Iron* and the *Loadstone*, the *Ivy* and the *Wall*, &c. And those also might be us'd, which being the Instruments of Arts, are never, in the Action, separated from their principal Cause; as for Example, the *Lute*, or the *Pencil*, in the Hands of the *Musician*, or the *Painter*. There are but few tolerable of that kind among the Moderns, and even among the Ancients. *Plato* hath one of an *Eunuch*, who with a *Pumice-stone*, strikes a *Bat* that was on the *Elder-Tree*; and *Symposius*, one of a *Blinkard* looking on another. Another hath one of a Country-Woman sitting on a bunch of

Of *Ænigma's*.

Straw, and pounding something in a Mortar between her Knees, and one *Beroald* hath made one on two *Salters* playing at Dice. What *Oedipus* cou'd unriddle these? But these Faults are not only found in complex *Ænigma's*, but in many Devices also.

Metaphors continued to an Allegory, are very fit Figures to make an *Ænigma*, and if Antitheses are added, the Work is but the more beautiful, as becoming more intricate: The Mind is then pleasingly surpriz'd, and what is offer'd, seems to us impossible, and therefore incredible: This is justify'd by *Aristotle's* Authority, who for that Reason gives the Definition of an *Ænigma* in his Poetical Art, *That it is an Oration compos'd of Things which appear irreconcilable, and which is also made dark by Metaphors*. But we may say that this Obscurity ought to have its Bounds, and require a certain Mediocrity. It ought never to be darker than a Shadow, nor such as may be Proof against a less Light than that of the Sun; which ought to be observ'd, lest the Metaphors being brought from too great a Distance, lose themselves by the way. Much of that kind was the following Riddle propos'd to honest *Æsop*. In a great Temple is a Pillar that bears up twelve Cities; each City is held up by thirty Rafter, which two Women constantly course about, one of whom is Black, and the other White. By this Temple, they tell us, they mean the World. A pretty large Subject for an *Ænigma*! but pray, who wou'd have guess'd that a Pillar signified the Year? or have understood the monstrous Imagination of twelve Cities in a Temple? I had rather have plac'd twelve Temples, or at least twelve Chapels in a City. What Relation can there be between thirty Days and the thirty Rafter of those Cities? and by what Astronomy can a Man prove that all these Months are equal? Certainly *Ænigma's* sought to be handled with Attributes and Proprieties, which a Man of Sense may understand as soon as he knows their Subject. And they must not be *Ænigma's* still after we are told what they mean, as many in *Greek*, the full Explication of which is sometimes so difficult, even after we know for what they were made, that they have often puzzled *Casabon* and *Giraldus*, so as to make them despair of Success.

Thought

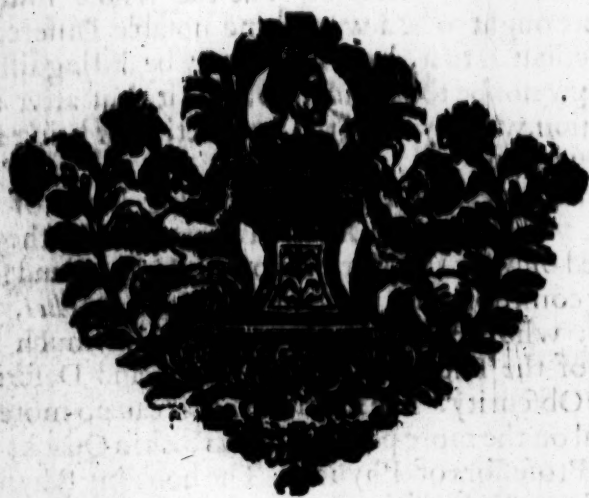
Of *Ænigma's*!

Though the Ground of *Ænigma's* ought to be set off with shining Colours, such as Figures are, yet they ought to agree perfectly, and their Shades ought neither to be too fine nor too coarse. For 'tis not the greatest Beauty of an *Ænigma* to be dark. And since 'tis defin'd by some, *A Representation of one Thing under the Figure of another*, The Poet ought chiefly to study to give beautiful Images, and not do like those who have represented theirs under such infamous Figures, that the Imagination is immediately infected with them. Words are like Cloths, those that are foul should never cover beautiful Bodies. Such Discourses as may bear more than one Explication, cannot properly be said to be *Ænigma's*: As was that Oracle that commanded the *Athenians* to seek their Safety in wooden Walls. Some parts of an *Ænigma* may indeed be attributed to another Subject than that which it treats of, but the whole must not; Nay there ought to be always some notable Difference, as it were essential to it, by which it may be distinguish'd, so that it may not be too difficult to solve it, but after a little Application, we may have the Satisfaction of being sure of its Signification.

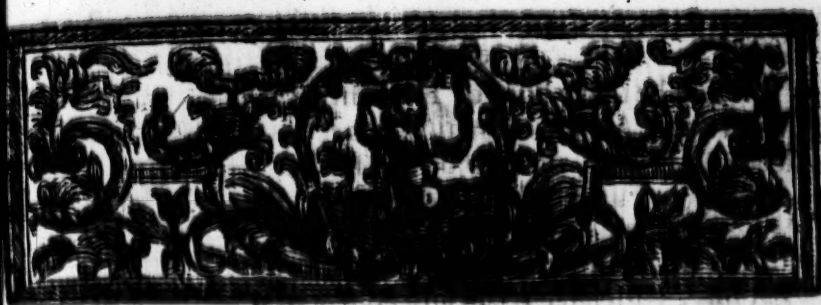
I need not speak of a thousand trifling kinds of *Riddle me Rees*, which the last Ages have produc'd; they seem calculated only for the Meridian of the Vulgar, and so have nothing common with those more finish'd *Riddles*, or *Ænigma's*; whose Beauty ought to consist as much in the justness of the Thoughts, and the Style and Description, as in the Obscurity. The former *Riddles* can no more bring a Scandal on the more polite *Ænigma's*, than Quacks on the Lawful Professors of Physick: The hobbling Rhymes and coarse Expressions of the former ought to be avoided in the latter, which ought to please by their Style, like those good Paintings, whose Colouring, Drapery, and Finishing, we admire even before we know what they represent. Neither do I esteem an *Ænigma* to be perfect unless it please more when the Word of it is known, than it did before, and is read again as a good Description of some of the Works of Art or Nature. Those Allusions, innocent Cheats, and continual Allegories, that Artifice of representing a Subject under the Shape of another with so much cunning, that

Of *Enigma's*

What represents it, persuades us that it is something else, those Equivocal Expressions that hide a Thing while they discover it, and that Invention which magnifies and raises the least and lowest Things, and even hinders us from seeing them, by making them appear great and lofty. In short, these Moral strokes which sometimes with one Word awake the sleeping Soul, are the Things which ought to render *Enigma's*, according to the true end of Poetry, not only Pleasant, but Profitable.



The



Thesaurus Ænigmaticus:

Æ N I G M A I.

WE are a People of no certain Station,
Ramble like wand'ring *Jews* thro' ev'ry
Nation,
Our Tribe increases without Propagation.
All Night we pig promiscuously together,
And yet incur thereby no Scandal neither;
We oft make Love, but without Inclination,
We fight and quarrel too, but without Passion:
Laugh without Mirth, and set to work we play,
Yet ne'er are disappointed of our Pay;
Talk much, but never mean the Thing we say.
Money we get, but can't command one Penny:
No Money spend or lend, yet ne'er keep any.
Tho' most of us go fine in our Attire,
And eat and drink whatever we desire.
To what you ask fit Answers we repay,
Yet ne're so much as heed one Word you say:
Our Wit you'll say is of the middle size.
For there's not one amongst us Fool or Wise:
No one that e'er was born or ever dies.

Æ N I G M A

ÆNIGMA II.

Who's he that's born of Heavenly Race,
 With noble Air and charming Grace;
 Yet ugly, base, deform'd, and foul,
 As Hags or Furies when they scowl;
 Wise, dextrous, powerful, and great,
 Possess of an imperial Seat,
 Yet silly, senseless, weak and poor,
 And thrust from ev'ry Wise-man's Door:
 He's proud and scornful, furious mad,
 And still for other Bliss'es sad;
 Yet's fawning, flattering, wheedling, kind,
 Ready to glut the greediest Mind.
 Master of Reason, Lord of Sense,
 Above our dull Impertinence;
 Yet dull, irrational and weak,
 And can no Truth nor Reason speak.
 He's changing still, yet still the same,
 Most lov'd, most hated in one Name;
 The fiercest Tyrant, easiest Slave,
 A Coward always, always Brave,
 Absent, yet ever at your Hand,
 Commanding most, when at Command;
 His Beauties make a World of Slaves,
 A World his monstrous Figure saves;
 He's always dying, yet can never dye;
 And tho' fast bound with Chains, free thro' the Air can fly.

ÆNIGMA III.

My Birth is mean, my Bulk is small,
 Yet by my Pow'r high Buildings fall.
 I speak aloud, yet want a Tongue;
 Not Samson's Arm was half so strong:
 Like him no Gates my Progress stay,
 And by my Death I thousands slay;
 I seldom wound 'till I am dead;
 And e'er I win the Field am fled.
 No Feet I have, yet swiftly run,
 And never speak till I'm undone.

With

With Clouds the troubl'd Air I fill,
 And seldom touch the Wretch I kill;
 Note, by my Habit you wou'd swear
 That I some Country Parson were;
 But when I take my Soldier's hue,
 My Colours then are red and blue.

ÆNIGMA IV.

From the Retirement of the Dead,
 To Regions where no Mortals tread,
 I mount, then born, I first on high
 Become the Object of the Eye,
 To those regard me from below,
 I habited in Sable shew;
 But when descending from my Height,
 My Robes are of the purest White;
 Whilst I am hasting to my Fate,
 Unfullyd yet my Virgin State:
 No Down of Swan was e'er so light,
 So soft, so beautiful, and bright;
 With Emblematic Innocence,
 A cold, but yet a sure Defence;
 Great Nature's Nurse, I masque, and place
 Protection o'er her Reverend Face:
 But for this tender Action I,
 Unpitied, unregarded dye;
 Trodden and mixt with common Earth,
 Mean Fate for so sublime a Birth.

ÆNIGMA V.

Call'd the Earl of Suſſy's Riddle.

A Lady gave me a Gift which she had not,
 And I receiv'd her Gift which I took not.
 She gave it me willingly, and yet she wou'd not,
 And I receiv'd it, albeit I could not;
 If she gave it me, I force not;
 And if she take it again, she cares not;
 Conſter what this is and tell not;
 For I am ſworn I may not.

ÆNIG-

Æ N I G M A VI.

From teeming *Vesta's* fertile Breast,
 I rise to an ethereal Nest;
 In that Divine exalted Flight,
 I suck in Rays of Life and Light.
 There nurs'd, my Cradle rock'd by Wind,
 Until my proper Growth I find:
 Then fill'd with kind and genial Charms,
 I rush into my Mother's Arms;
 And by my fall from quickning Heav'n,
 Numberless Stars to Earth are giv'n.

Æ N I G M A VII.

Strange mixture I Goddess and Punk,
 With Infamy and Nectar drunk.
 From Marriages of Heav'n and Earth.
 My num'rous Progeny have Birth;
 They give an Universal Joy;
 Nor oft returning ever cloy.
 I cheer the Rustick's humble Cell;
 And I with Courts and Princes dwell.
 Reviving Glories crown my Head;
 And Sweets and Beauties deck my Bed.

Æ N I G M A VIII.

Of Fellows, neither good nor bad,
 A num'rous Train I long have had:
 Unlike in Pow'r, in Shape and Name,
 They all of me Precedence claim:
 Their elder Fellow's worth the least,
 And I yet less than all the rest;
 But join'd with me he can surpass,
 That which eight times more pow'rful was.
 By me my Neighbours are improv'd,
 Yet I've no Power when they're remov'd.
 There's a Perfection in my Shape,
 Which other Figures cannot ape;
 Long to transform it, learned Brains,
 Have sought, but sought with fruitless Pains:

You who wou'd know my Name like those,
 Do not your precious Moments lose;
 When long the Sense of this yo've sought,
 Perhaps you'll say the Riddle's nought.

Æ N I G M A IX.

A Flying Camp is form'd each Year,
 At whose Head I'm often seen,
 Where like a daring Volunteer,
 A sharp Engagement I begin.

When I've in Motion put each Wing,
 Forwards the main Body moves,
 My Trumpet sounds, I Terror bring,
 The fierce Attack my Valour proves.

I fill'd with burning fatal Rage,
 Affright and start my Mortal Foe,
 Who still is backward to engage,
 And is disorder'd with the Blow.

Like Lightning I thro' Guards and Spears,
 Dare fall on Gen'als tho' I dye,
 Yet Man my desp'rate onset fears,
 Less when I march than when I fly.

Æ N I G M A X.

An unborn Queen of Sweets and Beauties I,
 Still blushing and still smiling live and dye;
 In richest Robes of purest Light I shine,
 And all my happy Nourishment's Divine;
 Of living Pikes a strong and numerous Guard,
 Are my firm, constant, faithful Watch and Ward;
 And yet their Strength and that of Innocence,
 Are found by far too feeble a Defence.
 For still alas! some unrelenting Hand,
 Forces me from my lov'd, my genial Land.
 Thus ravish'd I with Sorrow quickly dye,
 As scorning to survive my Infamy.

The Roman *Lucrece* call'd assisting steel,
 But I can dye by the Regret I feel;
 Blushes adorn my last departing Breath,
 And my own Sweets embalm me after Death.

Æ N I G M A XI.

By Birth I'm a Slave, yet can give you a Crown,
 I dispose of all Honours, my self having none:
 I'm oblig'd by just Maxims to govern my Life,
 Yet I hang my own Master and lye with his Wife.
 Where Men are a gaming I cunningly sneak,
 And their Cudgels and Shovels away from 'em take.
 Fair Maidens and Ladies I by their Hand get,
 And pick off their Diamonds tho' ne'er so well set?
 But when I have Comrades, we rob in whole Bands,
 Then we presently take off your Lands from your Hands;
 But this fury once over, I've such winning Arts,
 That you love me much more than you do your own Hearts,

Æ N I G M A XII.

The fond recourse of Infancy and Age,
 More often feign'd than Passion on the Stage;
 Off-spring of Pleasure, Weakness, Grief and Love;
 We oft the Parents of the latter prove.
 To the blind God we frequent Tribute pay,
 Tho' born in *Gemini* we ne'er are gay,
 And sometimes Secrets foolishly betray:
 Once we like Treasures were preserv'd in Urns,
 Pity precedes and follows us by turns;
 Without its Aid but seldom we prevail;
 But if sincere, and Rain attends a Gale,
 Tho' we succeed not here, we elsewhere cannot fail.
 With Water, *Vulcan's* Foe, weak Flame expires,
 With Water, *Vulcan's* Foe, we kindle raging Fires:
 Find fiery Globes that yield a briny Flood,
 Then what we are may soon be understood.

Æ N I G M A XIII.

I ne'er had Wings, yet often take my flight,
 And without Blood or Courage often fight;

use no Spade, yet dig, no Ship yet Sail,
 And without Ladders highest Places scale.
 When e're I build I'm never put to Charge;
 As the whole Universe my Steps are large.
 Almost omnipotent I can create,
 And in an Instant Things annihilate.
 I bring together Nature's Enemies,
 By me each jarring Element agrees:
 Wandring and Fickle I'm a Foe to Rest,
 And as I please, Mankind is Curst or Blest.

ÆNIGMA XIV.

I am at Liberty, yet ne'er come out of Prison,
 None without me is rich or poor,
 Without Injustice I've a share in Treason,
 And free from Blood am found in Gore.

Tho' I'm a Stranger to all Pity,
 The Merciful by me do bear that Name;
 I dwell at Court, but never in the City,
 And tho' I'm put to Fire am never in a Flame.

I am in Orders, tho' Men plainly see,
 I've nought to do with Piety;
 I'm not in Youth, tho' in my Prime,
 I without Sense preside to Reason or to Rhime.

Where I am not can be no Savour,
 I'm first in Rank, tho' last in Favour;
 I've with our Monarch always been,
 And in his Service still am seen.

Yet never enter'd into Pay,
 I ne'er into his Council come;
 He leaves me at the Door, or in some Room,
 And in the Gallery I stay.

I never leave our British Ground,
 Yet in the midst of *Paris*, still am found.

ÆNIG-

ENIGMA XV.

Tell me sagacious Men of Wit,
 Who over Sense as Judges sit,
 Tell me what Counsellor is he,
 That Counsel gives without a Fee;
 Yet cannot speak, nor hear, nor see.
Cassandra like he still is true,
 And yet believ'd by very few:
 Many consult him ev'ry Day,
 Who never yet came pleas'd away.
 With unfixt Helpers still he's back'd,
 Yet does with just Reflection Act.
 He flatters greatest Kings no more
 Than the most ignorant and poor.
 And dares let Tyrants know what none
 Wou'd ever dare to them make known.
 Whoever such a Tale did hear,
 A Courtier, yet no Flatterer.
 But tho' with this we may dispence,
 He has no claim to Innocence:
 By him the weak, the strong to undo,
 Their treach'rous Arts and Pow'r renew:
 Lives this, who dares do this, you'll say,
 We will the impious Wretch destroy.
 But, ah! what Hopes of his undoing,
 He's multiplied by his own Ruin.

ENIGMA XVI.

I serve the greatest Kings on Earth,
 As also those of meanest Birth;
 Lewis his Orders sends by me,
 To *Luxemburg* or to *Destree*;
 Yet I am with like freedom sent,
 From *England* to the Continent.
 A thousand Wrongs I cause and bear,
 Slighted while Spotless I appear;
 And like to many valued most,
 When my Virginitie is lost.

Tho' in such Favour, in such Grace,
Yet I am of a Dunghil Race;
For not long since in Rags I went,
Both then and now alike content.

Æ N I G M A XVII.

There is a Thing which could it speak,
Might if you ask what 'tis, thus Silence break;
Beautie's Adulterer long I've been,
At Plays, at Church too often seen;
Mischiefs my gentle Kifs attend,
I spoil and ruin what I mend:
Poyson and Art in me combine,
To emulate a Gift Divine;
But if I'm nearly view'd you'd see
An Emblem of Hypocrisie.
At first vain Mortals I content,
To prove at last their Punishment:
Who can too much the Wretches blame
They love to have me seen with them;
Yet are afraid lest any know,
That they and I together go.
As foolish Butterflies run on,
Mistaking Candles for the Sun:
When like a Sign I'm in the Air,
Our gawdy fluttering Beaux appear;
And many who presume too nigh,
There singe their Feathers, droop and dye.

Æ N I G M A XVIII.

Stephen, who in the Fields with Anguish
Caus'd by disastrous Love did languish;
Spy'd a Physician who as sure,
As other Doctors kill can cure.
Consumptions deep, and heady Fevers,
Find Relief by his Endeavours;
His Function by his Garb you'll know,
In decent Black, you'll see him go,
Money he'll none, yet Meat ne'er wants,
Feeds (Hermit like) on Herbs and Plants;

And

And free from Noise, lives all alone,
 Travels much yet ne're from home;
 He moves with Spanish Gravity,
 And shews most Men their Destiny.

Æ N I G M A XIX.

Great is my Pow'r, as great my Fame,
 I from the Gods, derive my Name,
 Yet as the meanest Slave on Earth,
 Dark and unknown, obscure my Birth.
 From solid Bonds, myself I free,
 Yet *Samson's* fate is mine;
 Frail *Dalilah* did him confine,
 I by the frailest Thing do lose my Liberty.
 Like *Proteus* I, in various Shapes am seen,
 And as the giddy Clouds, unfix'd have always been;
 Like them this *Paradox* I prove,
 That heaviest Creatures swiftest move.
 I have no Legs, yet run with speed,
 No Teeth nor Mouth, yet often feed,
 Ne're am hungry, ne're am full,
 Heavy still, yet never dull;
 The times Inconstancy I show,
 And help the beauteous Sex their Pow'r to know,
 In vain the Sons of Wisdom try
 To stop my rambling Faculty,
 Nothing is fixt in me but Instability.
 From Death kind Sinners I reprieve,
 And heal the deepest Wounds which fatal Love can give,
 I Miser like delight to prey on Ore,
 Yet 'tis to me you owe the precious Store,
 Those who devour me I sometimes devour;
 And some who prais'd me once now feel my Pow'r. |
 Inward the guilty Slaves are rackt by me,
 Worse than by gnawing Jealousy,
 Like that when once receiv'd I hardly can retire,
 I rage when e're I feel the Fire;
 And moun't the Sky when I expire. }

ÆNIGMA XX.

Unseen, extended o're the Sight,
 Thro' Fancy's Bounds I take my Flight;
 Delude the Sense by ranging wide;
 In me Men shew their State and Pride;
 Open and free with soft Access,
 I climb the greatest Precipice:
 Sound gulfy Seas of vast Extent,
 Yet am within each Body pent;
 I'm void of Colour, Shape, or Frame,
 Yet imp each Figure, Sound, and Name.
 Surmounting all, my self alone,
 Yet to my self I am unknown;
 Untoucht I ev'ry Motion give,
 Thro' my Conveyance 'tis you live,
 Wer't not for me each Noise wou'd cease,
 And Harmony return to Peace.

ÆNIGMA XXI.

Out of the Deep, and from the Earth,
 Th' Ingredients came that gave me Birth;
 Then to my Body Fate does join
 A Spirit that is half Divine;
 Grown strong (sometime with Armakimbo),
 I huff and strut, look red as Flambleau,
 When round my Neck a Halter ty'd,
 I'm dragg'd to Dungeons for my Pride;
 I dance and caper at the Sight
 Of the so long forbidden Light,
 And more than half Mankind delight,
 Soldiers and I this Favour share,
 E'en before Kings, our Hats to wear,
 But a ways then I bare am found,
 When an obliging Health goes round;
 But who will not my Fate condole,
 My Body burnt, some burn my Soul;
 And seldom you your Breath resign,
 But ah! your Funeral proves mine.

 Æ N I G M A XXII.

Begot by Parents dull and thick,
 I'm noble, charming, thin and quick,
 When I thro' Forests, run with Force,
 No human Pow'r can stop my Course.
 I'm much a Friend, but more a Foe,
 Uncloath'd yet warm in Frost and Snow;
 I'm ever greedy, never full,
 And must be fed, or soon am du'l;
 A cooling Draught alone can quite
 Assuage my craving Appetite;
 Amidst my Cups I sing and roar,
 Like jolly Topers till I snore.
 The Light within me's never shown,
 Till big by Inspiration grown:
 But when the Spirit takes my Heart,
 I strait break out from ev'ry Part;
 My fervent Zeal is upward bent,
 Nor e're declines or cools till spent,
 When e're I touch I wound, yet none
 Dreads to approach my lucid Throne;
 And that your Love to see me thrive,
 Stick not to bury me alive.

Æ N I G M A XXIII.

I often dye, and live again,
 Yet I no Pleasure know nor Pain.
 But tho' my Blessing is but short,
 I'm useful to the Town and Court,
 While Storms that make you Mortals dread,
 And Floods from Heaven beat my Head,
 Unhurt, undiscompos'd I dwell
 Within a frail but hardy Cell;
 Where tho' by Drinking I subsist,
 That I'm no Drunkard is confest.
 But fixt I stand to give you Rules,
 Surer than some you found in Schools;
 Teach you if yo've the Way to learn,
 How right from wrong you may discern;

Instruct your Mind and set you right,
 To avoid Man's Hate and Fortune's Spite:
 In short without a Parable,
 I am a Guide infallible.

Æ N I G M A XXIV.

Tho' in Silence I reign, I the Scepter ne're sway'd;
 Yet easily command and am easily obey'd:
 By Nature I'm strong, yet my Body is small,
 I'm hurtful to some, yet I am useful to all;
 War and Peace I proclaim, yet I am so nice,
 That the least Touch offends me and troubles my Bids;
 I sometimes am mournful and sometimes am gay,
 My general Clothing's the Black and the Grey,
 I'm fixt in a Hole, yet each Moment I rove,
 And travel with Freedom below and above,
 In the Morning I'm brisk, in the Evening I'm dull,
 And always am greedy, yet always am full,
 In all my Appearance I'm daz'ling and bright,
 I rise with the Day and I set with the Night.

Æ N I G M A XXV.

I never did eat, yet am still at a Feast,
 I'm rude, yet distinguish a Man from a Beast.
 Close pent up in Prison, by Nature I'm barr'd,
 With a numerous White, and sometimes a Black Guard;
 Yet Freedom I love, and like fiery Gun-powder,
 The more I'm confin'd, I still break out the louder.
 I never was thought very witty at best,
 Yet always make one, at the End of a Jest.
 You'd swear by my Phyz, that I've nought of il' Nature;
 Yet my greatest Delight's, for the most part in Satyr,
 But no more of the Matter, lest when you all know it,
 Too much of th' Ænig. be bestow'd on the Poet.

Æ N I G M A XXVI.

From the Womb of my Mother, with Violence torn,
 I always am buried before I am born;
 I'm at my full Growth my Birth Days first Hour,
 And speak then as plain, as I shall at Four score;

My

My Language but one, yet so clear and so good,
 That almost throughout *Europe*, I'm well understood;
 In some Part of *Asia*, I'm loath'd as a Monster,
 Yet in *China*, my Dictates they easily construe;
 My Garment's not made of Flax, Silk, Wool or Leather;
 Yet is lasting, and keeps out all manner of Weather;
 Tho' for Constitution I'm strong as a Horse,
 If you tear but my Coat I grow presently hoarse;
 I'm void of all Fear, yet its Symptoms discover,
 For I do not speak, but I tremble all over,
 I'm always most merry, when lustily bang'd,
 And ne're talk so freely as after I'm hang'd.

Æ N I G M A XXVII.

In a small Cell I live, that's arch'd over Head,
 Not with Stone, Brick, or Plaister, Wood, Silver or Lead,
 I am grateful to all, from the Clown to the Prince;
 Yet excepting my Feeling, I want ev'ry Sense.
 Tho' sometimes in Dainties and Wealth I abound,
 I'm sometimes so poor that I lie on the Ground;
 No Liquor or Food in my House to be found.
 I travel as well by Night as by Day,
 And am seldom or never found out of my Way.
 If you touch but my Door, tho' I can't see or hear,
 (As already I told you,) yet I know you are there.
 If you rap ne're so gently, as I live all alone,
 I strait make all fast, and will open to none.
 For to open my Door when with Force you contrive,
 I'm turn'd out of Doors, robb'd, and buried alive.

Æ N I G M A XXVIII.

Tho' by noble *Achievements* I've purchas'd Renown;
 Yet my Birth is obscure, and my true Name not known,
 To relieve the Afflicted; I left my own Home,
 Yet am lov'd but by few, and e'en hated by some;
 I was first entertain'd, when to *Europe* I came,
 By an infamous Crew, who gave me their Name;
 Which to my Misfortune does stick by me still;
 Tho' my Work is to save, as their's is to kill;

By Nature I'm rough and ne're gratify'd since,
 Yet e'en to my Foes my kind Aid I dispense.
 With intestine Broils when the State is oppress'd,
 And Spirits with a Poysoning ferment posselt,
 Disdaining the Curb of legitimate Sway,
 By Fits overturn all that comes in their way,
 When the wisest Heads rave, and the stoutest Hearts ake }
 The whole Fabrick appearing to totter and shake,
 While its firmest Supporters most dreadfully quake, }
 I finish the War, without striking a Blow;
 And establish soft Peace, tho' none can tell how,
 Tho' I Seldom am foil'd and not often withstood;
 Ere I fight I am beaten and wallow in Blood.

ÆNIGMA XXIX.

Tho' always I travel, I'm always at home,
 And am robb'd by my Neighbours where ever I come;
 My Birth there's none living could ever remember,
 And yet I am as Young as this present November.
 My Shape is but Crooked, yet pleasant to View;
 Calm and Cold is my Temper, and pale is my Hue:
 Yet when I'm enrag'd, I swell and grow red,
 And none can against me presume to make head.
 Both Women and Children, I often affright,
 But Men to my Company kindly invite.
 When ever I vouchsafe to take to a Side,
 Victory bring, and the Battle decide;
 No quarter I give, but with merciless Roar,
 Battalions and Squadrons at once I devour.

ÆNIGMA XXX.

There's an old Fellow, walks at such a rate,
 You'd take him for a Spaniard, by his Gate.
 Pray who d'you think it is? he cannot hear,
 Yet still among good Musick, does appear.
 If you shou'd ask how Old he is, I'd answer,
 He's old enough to be old ADAM's Grandfire!
 He can do nothing, yet is such a Don,
 That still without him, nothing can be done.

He ruins all things, yet he strikes no where;
 On all things feeds, his Harvest's all the Year.
 To dark Oblivion, he turns all things over,
 And yet tis strange, he all things does discover;
 Thus his true Character you fully have,
 But cannot think who tis without his leave.

Æ N I G M A XXXI.

I please the Court, the City, Camp and Town,
 My Feathers are as soft as *Cygnets-down*:
 They're numerous and yet my Head is bare,
 Tho' lofty yet no Plumes, nor Beak are there;
 Four Feet I have, and therefore must disclaim
 Of airy Bird the gay and pleasing Name;
 One half the Year almost with Leaden Wand,
 Death's elder Brother does o're me command,
 But sometimes he to active Love gives place,
 Who makes me fruitful with his warm Embrace.

Æ N I G M A XXXII.

What's that each Hour grows Old and Young,
 Which dies each Minute, lives again,
 Makes strong Men weak, and weak Men strong,
 Which flies in Joy, and creeps in Pain:
 Unequal Steps, too short, or long:
 A fruitful train it ever bears,
 Then eats it all and nothing spares.

Æ N I G M A XXXIII.

I had a Being, ere the World was made,
 And when well fix'd, am of ending not afraid,
 I still remain the same from Age to Age,
 Till the last Conflagration clear the Stage.
 I'm full Employ for all the Quality,
 And am posses'd by those of mean Degree,
 But all ashamed that they converse with me,
 In Childrens Play, I see their Breasts inflame,
 And oft in me concludes the Statesmans Aim;
 With *KINGS* and *BEGGARS* I alike am free,
 And in their Closets bear them Company,

All I enjoy, I freely give them *Gratis*,
 And still with me they're *semper* *in* *com* *pan* *is*;
 A Noted *English* *Wit* said you might see,
 The Vertues of seven Nations, end in me.

Æ N I G M A XXXIV.

Untaught, unskill'd we paint each nobler Sound;
 We Kingdoms form, and we Republicks found.
 Senseless and Dead, we Sense and Life impart,
 Inrich the Head, and dignifie the Heart;
 Abject our selves, we raise the Heroes Name,
 And e'en perpetuate the Voice of Fame.
 Though a small Troop, we're yet a num'rous Throng,
 The mighty *Persian* *Host*, not half so strong;
 By Nature Dumb, we ev'ry Language speak;
 Eternal Talk, yet never Silence break;
 The Charms of PROSE, and Extasy of VERSE,
 Vertue, and Vice, we equally disperse;
 When SILENCE we, or PIETY dispense,
 We find not, ask, nor need a Recompence,
 Indiffer'ntly to all we're Subjects still,
 And are with Innocence applied to ill.
 The Sons of Life, from an immortal Spring,
 As soon born, the Fates to Ruin bring,
 Unless our Aid we kindly interpose,
 And the young Mind, for long Duration close.

PART II.

Æ N I G M A XXXV.

NO Treasure can with me compare,
 More than Gold Men prize my Head;
 Yet when they their Arms prepare,
 And with keen Steel have cut my Thread;

Nothing from Flames my Body can excuse,
 And still more cruelly my Head they Use:

After a thousand heavy Blows,
Which I ne're deserv'd to have,
Further yet their Fury goes,
And before I find a Grave.

They to make me Dust conspire,
And having scap'd the Water, I'm expos'd to Fire;
Yet see what Blessings I can give,
They make me dye, I make them live.

Æ N I G M A XXXVI.

I'm neither Man or Woman, Maid or Boy,
And yet to all I bring both Grief and Joy.
I am of all Complexions, and in me
The various Humours of the World you see.
Sometimes I'm fierce and lofty, full of Fire,
Challenge and huff, speak big, and Blood require:
Sometimes I'm flat and dull, as dull can be,
Now Salt, Acumen, Flame, and Extasy:
Where're I come, a different Fate I meet,
To some I'm dreadful, and to some I'm sweet:
Some in a perfect Rapture me embrace,
And kiss ten thousand times my pretty Face.
What ere is in Mankind, is found in me,
I may be justly term'd the World's Epitome.

Æ N I G M A XXXVII.

My usual Dwelling's never low,
My lifeless Body moves, yet stirs not from its Place:
And my Eyes, turning always to and fro,
The boldest thing that breathes are bold enough to face,
For tho' Men often cast their Eyes on me,
I ne're return them the Civility:
I'm Night and Day to Injuries expos'd,
But they were on me by Fate impos'd,
Still fix'd, tho' mov'd, I bear my Instability.

Æ N I G M A XXXVIII.

To all around me Mirth I make, tho' seldom spend my
Pelf;
And whatso'ere I chance to say, I always shame my self.

I'm usher'd into Company of those of best Degree,
 Who all congratulating Bow, when'er they know 'tis me,
 Yet who so ere me entertains, turns usually a Sneaker,
 Tho' of the Commons House ('tis true) I once was Mr.
 Speaker.

And tho' I'm chose no Member now, I often fill the Chair,
 But very seldom come into't if th' Speaker be not there.
 I live to so great length of Age, I die for want of Breath,
 And yet when'er I hap to die, I sing before my Death,

Æ N I G M A XXXIX.

I'm thick, I'm thin, I'm short and long,
 And lov'd alike by old and young:
 I make Diseases, and I heal,
 And know what I shall ne're reveal.
 The fairest Virgin fraught with Pride,
 No Beauty from my View can hide.
 I rack the Miser, cure the Sot;
 And make, and oft detect a Plot:
 No Lover that wou'd happy be,
 Desires his Mistress more than me:
 Yet tho' a thousand Charms I have,
 Next step from me is to the Grave.

Æ N I G M A XL.

My Complexion's smooth and white,
 I'm in some Countries long and bright.
 I soon my Native Beauty lose,
 And then am loath'd, and subject to abuse:
 But this from Fate I did obtain,
 That thrice at least my Youth renews again.
 My Constitution's weak and frail,
 Yet can o're Cold and Heat prevail:
 So that from fatal Blows cou'd I be free,
 I should Immortal be.
 I'm ne're below'd till I'm enjoy'd,
 When I'm by thoughtless Foes destroy'd;
 My Lovers unconcern'd appear,
 O! shun my Fate, you loving Fair,

A cheap bought Blessing breeds Indifference;
 The Phlegmatick Ingrates more Jealousie would show,
 And soon wou'd rise in my Defence,
 Were my Price high as it is low.
 For without me they hardly live,
 And next to Table or Bed, esteem the Bliss I give.
 The tyr'd I ease, direct the dull,
 In Winter warm, in Summer cool.
 Thoughts are oft inspir'd by me,
 I'm a true Emblem of Life's Vanity:
 And am so much in Fashion grown,
 That most of the fair Sex, my antient Enemy,
 Now let their Lovers kiss me publicly;
 Nay, some now fond of me, enjoy me when alone.

Æ N I G M A XLI.

I am the best, I am the worst
 Of all Things here below;
 Deservedly I'm blest and curst,
 For tho' my Bulk is small, Mankind doth know,
 That I can save and kill, yet never strike a Blow.
 None but the Wise bear o're me Sway,
 Unwearied like the Sun,
 I Day and Night can run,
 And tho' some strive to hold me, few my Motion stay.
 Attended by a numerous Guard,
 From the Dark Palace where I live,
 Seated on high, those ORACLES I give,
 By which the Easy are ensnar'd;
 READER, I dare assert,
 That without me thou canst not say thou Art.
 Men use me much but Women more:
 I'm the Promoter of Society,
 Thou needst not rove abroad to look for me;
 For I'm within thy Reach, perhaps within thy Pow'r.

Æ N I G M A XLII.

Like a long Snake my slender Body moves,
 And winding still, on different Bodies roves.

To a high Place it climbs by narrow Ways,
 And skips from Right to Left, yet never strays.
 In narrow Bonds I hold half Human kind,
 Imprison Queens, yet ne're was thought unkind.
 In Holes I sneak when *Phæbus* spreads his Light,
 And leave 'em when his Absence brings on Night.

Æ N I G M A XLIII.

Rome and Geneva I have join'd,
 My mighty Voice the World alarms,
 By fam'd Events new Life I find,
 And make the Warrior run to Arms.

War in my Pow'r and Peace I hold,
 And Joy and Grief at once have brought;
 Am scorn'd like Virgins when I'm old,
 And when I'm young, am like them sought.

Whole Nations by me know their Fate,
 In Magpy Hue I fly about;
 And, as I love, and as I hate,
 With a bold Stroke an Army rout.

Æ N I G M A XLIV.

Nothing I am, yet to all Things belong,
 Into the midst of thickest Crouds I throng:
 My Being's due to *Phæbus* clearest Light,
 Yet does not vanish at th' approach of Night.
 On mightiest Kings I due Attendance pay;
 And with the same Respect the Slave obey.
 No *Proteus*' ere more various Shape put on,
 I still comply with what I wait upon.
 My Motion various as my Shape appears,
 With Youth I run, but walk with aged Years;
 With speed of Lightning thro' the Air I rove,
 Again with Snail I scarcely seem to move.
 Object of Sense I am, tho' but of one,
 And, by my self, I ne're appear alone.

Æ N I G M A XLV.

E're *Adam* was my early Days began,
 I ape each Creature, and resemble Man.
 I gently walk o're tops of tender Grass,
 Nor leave the least Impression where I pass.
 Touch me you may, but I can ne're be felt,
 Nor ever yet was tasted, heard, or smelt:
 Yet seen each Day; if not, besure at Night
 You'll quickly find me out by Candle-light.
 When to the World I in my Youth appear,
 You'd think there were some mighty Giant there:
 But, by Degrees, e're half my Age is spent,
 I with a dwarfish Stature am content:
 When elder grown, I stretch my Limbs, and then
 I re-assume my former size again.
 In short, you thus may my Description write,
 Tho' dark my self, I am a Child of Light.

Æ N I G M A XLVI.

A strange amphibious Creature I,
 Haunted both Water, Earth, and Sky,
 While living; yet in all that Time,
 Could neither Speak, Hear, See, nor Smell;
 But now I'm dead, in Prose and Rhyme
 A thousand Stories I can tell.

A thousand Mysteries disclose,
 And bold'y lash my Master's Foes;
 Tho' I my self no longer live,
 Yet Life to others I can give.
 And tho' no Memory I boast,
 Without me Memory wou'd be lost:
 Fame I acquire, and Fame bestow,
 To ease a pining Lover's Woe,
 Tears black as his Despair I shed,
 And many a dang'rous Toil I spread
 For the bright Caufer of his Pain,
 And the yielding Nymph again

With

With Freedom doth to me impart
 The Secrets of her tender Heart;
 If after all you cannot tell
 Who I am, and where I dwell;
 Take Comfort, she, from whom I grew,
 Had as little Wit as you.

Æ N I G M A XLVII.

They who first form'd me, were within my Womb;
 In Fight I'm vanquish'd when I overcome.
 The Mistresses I court are ever Coy,
 And *Parthian* like, would kill me as they fly;
 But shun me, lest I should my self destroy.
 Yet ne're was Swain more constant than I am;
 No Breast e're harbour'd so unfeign'd a Flame:
 For th' End of my Pursuit and my Desire,
 Is clasp'd in their Embraces to expire:
 And then Life from me does in Transports fly,
 Tho' I ne're truly live, but when I die.

Æ N I G M A XLVIII.

My Shape nor I, nor any can reveal,
 From mortal Sight I still my self conceal.
 I'm an aerial vehicle of Sound,
 Still within hearing, never to be found.
 Oft in strange Languages I Silence break,
 Without a Tongue in ev'ry one I speak.
 Skilful I seem, and yet I nothing know,
 Tho' from Examples all my Actions flow:
 Yes,—and to Musick too, I dare pretend,
 For all that Art could ne're my Pow'r transcend,
 Greatest Musicians strive with me in vain,
 I emulate the best, and tire the longest Strain.
 And tho' of Instruments I know not one,
 On all in Confort play, but not alone.
 Go learned Wits, now proudly boast your Parts,
 I, though untaught, can talk of all your Arts.

Æ N I G M A XLIX.

Silent I speak, untaught, Instructions give,
 Dead, Life bestow, and better those that live.
 I'm often lent, and often not return'd,
 Kist without Love, and without Hatred burn'd.
 A knowing Age, more knowing grows by me,
 Tho' by my Means Friends often disagree:
 Yet without Envy, all my Favours share,
 Sometime with Gold all glittering I appear:
 Yet serve the Man of Honour and the Clown,
 And do on both bestow what's not my own.
 The more I give, the less I never have,
 My Store was ne're decreas'd, tho' still I gave.
 But tho' so free to all, I m yet confin'd,
 Beaten, and sometimes chain'd to please Mankind.
 Yet I those Ills with Patience undergo,
 Since those who curb, and who confine me so,
 Are all my greatest Friends, and Lovers too.
 Come, buy me, you who with me pass your Hours;
 'Tis ev'n my Father's Wish to see me yours.

Æ N I G M A L.

I by a gentle Breathing first begun,
 And by the same my Shape is carried on.
 More frail than Looking-Glass, but not so true,
 All present Things I represent to View.
 In Colours various, still in Shape the same,
 Bloated awhile I ape the Heav'nly Frame.
 But when to full Perfection I am brought,
 Away I fly, and vanish swift as Thought.
 Proud Mortals! whom the fawning Crowds adore,
 I'm next to nothing, and you are no more.

Æ N I G M A LI.

Digg'd out of precious Mines in Sun-shine Days,
 Wing'd Fleets transport me to their native Bays.
 A merry Consort welcomes me to Shore,
 Till I'm convey'd into the common Store.

There

There Chymists Shape me into yellow Plates,
 Which hold the luscious Food my Master eats.
 His Landlord siezes me by wicked Stealth,
 And bears a glowing stab for his ill-gotten Wealth.
 This Salvage Robber's cruel Arts enroul
 Into my melted Corps a foreign Soul.
 Then Poets crown me with a radiant Gem,
 And make me a fit Tool to profit them.
 When Dulness forfeits my unthinking Head,
 The Weapon that divides my vital Thread,
 Often repairs my Life, and sometimes leaves me dead.
 In a perpetual Hectic, I consume,
 Till I ascend into my fatal Tomb,
 Where after Death, alas! I fear a future Doom.

Æ N I G M A LII.

I with a sharp, tho' cloven Dart,
 Often stab Lovers to the Heart:
 Yet I am smooth and soft above,
 As the most gentle cooing Dove.
 The kindest Thoughts I can inspire,
 Yet Wars I raise, and Cities fire.
 Sometimes Sin and Vice repel,
 And sometimes prompt you to rebel.
 When I grow old, and dull, and slack,
 A cruel Usage brings me back.
 I often am renew'd by Art;
 Till you come near my tender Part.
 Let me not without Moisture lye,
 For having drank I'm ever dry.
 Those who ne're let me kiss their Hand,
 Will scarce my Language understand.

Æ N I G M A LIII.

Like two sage Sisters close we dwell
 Within a rough and narrow Cell:
 Tho' Flesh of Flesh, and Bone of Bone,
 We do not often seem as one.
 Till without Musick 'tis our Chance,
 Disorderly to step and dance:

And

And void of Reason and of Grace,
 Vary our Posture and our Face;
 Yet we ne're See, Taste, Hear nor Smell,
 Tho' we to Crouds their Fortune tell.
 Promiscuously the Mean and Great
 Approach us, and neglect their State;
 By us to know and mend their Fate.
 Tho' in the main, the juster sort,
 Can hardly be the better for't.
 Unequally we Gifts bestow;
 Abase the high, and raise the low.
 Sometimes on Life and Death we sit,
 Condemn the Just, the Guilty quit;
 Yet we were never Partial yet.

Æ N I G M A LIX.

I'm follow'd both by Fools and Wise,
 The Libertine and the Precise;
 Tho' Libertines sometimes bemoan
 The want of me when I am gone:
 Yet why they shou'd I cannot see,
 For none but Fools are led by me.
 Think not because I'm still i'th' Van,
 When rash Men dare the most they can;
 And oftentimes appear in View,
 Now cloath'd in Red, and now in Blue,
 That I some hot-Brain'd Gen'ral am,
 Who hazard all to purchase Fame;
 Or I in Martial Sounds rejoyce,
 Tho' like a Trumpet is my Voice.
 No, I alas to Rheums incin'd,
 But ill endure Cold, Frosts and Wind!
 By Consequence unfit to bear
 The Toils and long Fatigues of War.

Æ N I G M A LV.

We neither are *Christians, Turks, Pagans, nor Jews*;
 And like many, have our Religion to chuse:
 Yet a People we are, tho' our Titles are airy,
 Our Government's fixt, and yet Arbitrary:

or, ruling by Law, we know little of Reason,
 and were never arraign'd, tho' oft guilty of Treason.
 All from the same Stock tho' of different Complection;
 our Kings are born so, yet rule by Election.
 Tho' our Business is chiefly our Friends to amuse,
 the fairest of Dealers we often abuse.
 Till grown old in Service, and sullied our Fleeces,
 some do most inhumanly cut us in Pieces:
 when put in a Coffin, we're buried in Night,
 tho' without us you often wou'd miss of the Light.

Æ N I G M A LVI.

I'm neither Bird, nor Beast, nor Sprite,
 Whatever dreaming Poets write:
 I'm nothing, yet most Men my Favours prize,
 and mighty Princes me do idolize.
 I'm still attended by a numerous Train
 of Suitors, but the best too often sue in vain
 for Favours, which the least deserving gain.
 Sometimes just Debts I do deny,
 but oftner more than's just I pay.
 Ten thousand Fathers I can boast,
 I'm ev'ry where, yet sometimes lost.
 Sometimes bite, and sometimes fawn,
 one Day flatter, and the other damn.
 Sometimes speak the Truth, but oftner lye:
 I'm immortal, yet I often dye.
 Sometimes I say too little, though I find,
 I'm nat'rally to say too much inclin'd.
 Yet tho' I prate eternally,
 I sometimes in dumb Silence lye.
 And tho' no Cars I use, nor Sails display,
 no Ocean can my rapid Progress stay.

Æ N I G M A LVII.

Gay Son of Fancy, thee all Powers obey,
 and bow beneath thy arbitrary Sway.
 Thou reign'st in all; some gently feel thy Power;
 and some thy raging Tyrannies devour.

Father

Father and Son of ev'ry Human Life,
 Best Spring of Peace, yet frequent Cause of Strife;
 Thy Female Fathers, ev'ry where abound,
 And thy Male Mothers, are as often found.
 Thou greatest Joy and Anguish of the Mind,
 Art gently Cruel, and tormenting kind.
 Blind Issue of the Eyes, dark Child of Sight,
 Day gives the large Additions of Delight,
 But still thy Paradise, thy Heaven is Night.

Æ N I G M A LVIII.

Kings reign o're Nations, I o'er Kings bear Rule,
 Bred up in Nature's rough unpolish'd School:
 I still have a Tyrannick Sceptre sway'd,
 Yet in all Places, worshipp'd and obey'd.
 My Subjects know, I'm of an antient Race,
 And that my Pow'r can make Men Brave or Base.
 When Towns are sack'd, and Kingdoms are undone,
 I lead the Armies of both Parties on:
 War's my Delight, the Moment I was form'd,
 A War commenc'd, and high-born Pow'rs I arm'd.
 I liv'd before the *Ammonian* Victor drew
 His conquering Sword, or Nations did subdue:
 He, tho' by mighty *Aristotle* taught,
 Without my Aid the World had never got.
 But as I some Men do to Glory raise,
 So others likewise, I as much debase.
 I'm always busie, marching to and fro,
 Dwelt once above the Clouds; but now below.
 I visit ev'ry Country, ev'ry Town,
 And oft invisibly pass up and down.
 I'm Parent of a numerous Off-spring too;
 But they're so ugly and so vile a Crew,
 I shall not name them, but leave that to you.
 I'll only add, my Devotees still find,
 I'm of a Temper rigid, and unkind,
 And make two thirds of all that serve me, blind.
 And when for me they've ventur'd Life and Fame,
 My boasted Favours vanish like a Dream,

as much, you see, I freely have confess'd,
I think, you now with Ease may guess the rest.

Æ N I G M A L I X.

Ladies, throw by the Curtain, view the Scene,
When infant Time began its winged Reign,
Hillst yet the sacred Fruit ungather'd hung,
All Things as immortal seem'd as young.
Some primordial Grove I had a Seat,
Wonder of Nature! I appear compleat.
From Earth's juvenile Time, I do commence
Primo-genious Birth and Existence:
With Gold and Purple richly I am dight,
Mortals admire at the uncommon Sight.
Noah's Ark no mutual Mate had I,
Still remaining void of Company,
I enjoy an Eden-like Retreat,
And Flora, both adorn my Seat.
Thly Felicitie's a strong Temptation,
And to a future Life I've no Relation,
I make for Death a wondrous Preparation.
When hoary Time does summons me to dye,
Death procure by my own Industry,
A torrid Zone of Sol's Meridian Eye,
Cyclopes shar'd my equal Fate, for we
Act our last and final Tragedy.
My Fate entail'd on me this horrid Crime,
My Mother did the same before my Time.
My Body on the Earth doth never lye,
Others do, to rot and putrifie.
I dubious what's my Name, and whence my Birth,
Proceeding from ten times refined Earth:

Æ N I G M A L X.

The brightest Beauty I, yet most obscur'd;
Honour'd and courted most, yet least endur'd.
The best of Things, and yet the fastest bound:
Yet ev'ry where by all, yet seldom found.
I am wise to me make their unwearied Court;
I with Fools and Children freely sport.

No Stoick Life was sober e're like mine;
 And yet I mingle with full Bowls of Wine.
 Elder than Time, and yet a Virgin young,
 Who fire the Heart, and charm the Ear and Tongue,
 My Name by all is ev'ry where ador'd
 In outward Shew, but in Effect abhorr'd.
 The greatest Purity, and chastest Maid,
 Of vulgar Hands, and Eyes, and Tongues afraid.
 Tho' most unmov'd, yet ranging ev'ry where;
 Am always one, and yet in all appear.
 A thousand Sons of mine my Chambers fill,
 Yet I a pure unspotted Virgin still.
 None can my Person, nor my Station tell,
 Tho' I in ev'ry Place and Being dwell.

Æ N I G M A LXI.

I humble and subdue the Brave,
 Ruin proud Victors, and oft the vanquish'd save;
 Not Thunder darted from the Skies,
 More fatally, more swiftly flies.
 Where'er I fix my wanton lawless Pow'r,
 From thence I wound, and ravish ev'ry Hour:
 Nor wish the wounded to escape,
 Nor wou'd the Ravish'd miss the Rape:
 But all throughout the universal round,
 My celebrated Name in lasting Praises sound.
 Continually my dazzling Form they view,
 And the bright Fantome eagerly pursue.
 Yes, Fantome; for in Air and Thought I live;
 And am, or am not, as the World conceive.
 And yet so firm th' Ideal Throne,
 Unerring Fate has plac'd me on,
 That thence fix'd Laws to ev'ry Life I give.
 Nothing more mutable than I:
 In ev'ry Time and Place my varied Shape I change;
 For ever live, for ever dye:
 And thro' whole Nature's Bounds, unbounded range.
 The charming Picture of the real Heaven,
 Yet often for a Plague, and Poison given.

In ev'ry Clime, in ev'ry Age,
 Through the World's wide extended Stage;
 My charming Beams in Glory shine;
 Scarce have the Solar Rays a freer Scope than mine.
 Both often innocently cause
 The highest violation of the Sacred Laws.
 Both charm the pleas'd and wandring Sight;
 Both with the Morning rise, and disappear at Night.

Æ N I G M A LXII.

Involv'd in Night I lye, like Golden Mine,
 But when display'd, in brightest Lustre shine.
 Admir'd by all, I'm courted for a Name,
 And greatest Strangers Kindred with me claim;
 I please the Gay, and I amuse the Sad,
 Make Fools of many, and make others Mad.
 Nature in me enjoys the largest share,
 For I elude the busie searching Care.
 Offensive and defensive Arms I wield,
 Sometimes the Sword, sometimes again a Shield.
 My Presence can with humble Pleasures blefs,
 Which Souls may feel, but Tongues can ne're express;
 I'm ev'ry where the same; immortal thoughts
 Oft lost in getting, seldom found when sought.
 I'm a bright Riddle, those who knew me best,
 Blinded with too much Light, have solv'd me least.
 And you, who of my Being are in Doubt,
 Unless I help you, scarce will find me out.

Æ N I G M A LXIII.

Where my first Threads of Being dwell,
 The Gods descend and marry Hell.
 There in obscurity I lye;
 And, e're I live, in Torment dye.
 My Mother's Intrals sadly torn,
 I the first time of twice am born:
 And then with Noise and heavy Pother,
 Am born again without a Mother.

Musick and I so far agree,
 I yield the Hero's Harmony.
 No Head, no Lungs, nor any Tongue,
 Nor Teeth, nor Words to me belong;
 Yet I've a Voice both strong and loud,
 Obey'd by an attending Crowd.
 To dire *Beilena's* fierce Alarms,
 I add new Ardor by my Charms:
 Now I excite unfriendly Heat,
 Now teach it wisely to retreat.
 At Desolations oft I sing;
 I Terror strike and Courage bring.
 Tho' noble Warmth the Heart I wound,
 And living Obsequies resound.

ÆNIGMA LXIV.

There's nothing more common or various than I,
 Yet never cou'd any my Figure descry.
 Sometimes I am dark, and sometimes I am clear,
 Sometimes fill with Pleasure, but oftner with Care.
 I ever was free and secure from all Spite,
 As horrid as Hell, or more pleasant than Light.
 You justly may pity and sometimes deride
 Those who will not let me be always their Guide.
 They may scorn me, but ne'er can from Danger be free;
 Till they know who they scorn'd, and are guided by me,
 You cannot without me prove that you are here;
 Now, if you don't know me, I know what you are.

ÆNIGMA LXV.

Begot by the Folly and Pride of Mankind,
 Heav'n's Rival I prove, and my Parents I bind;
 In Story no Gyant more dreadful you'll find.
 I've more Arms than *Briareus*, yet boast but one Head,
 Whose Mouth needs but Breath, and whole Legions fall
 dead.
 Great Numbers I kill, and yet greater undo,
 And if I bless any, 'tis but very few.
 In *Africk* and *Asia*, thro' Custom I reign,
 And in *Europe* of late, too much Favour obtain.

I'm the hatred of *England*, the Fear of the *Hague*,
 The just Merit of *France*, and to brave Souls a Plague,
 Yet as bad I am, there are bigotted Asses,
 That hug me, and others that wish my Embraces.

Æ N I G M A LXVI.

Two Twins, for their Original ordain'd for Subjection;
 perform the very lowest of Employments, almost in every
 Family: They are near allied to some Twins, that are
 generally employ'd at home and abroad by Mankind.
 These Latter have some Advantage over them, for they are
 taller, and have Ears which the others have not: But on
 the other side to compensate this Want, they are exempt
 from certain Confinements, which their taller Relations
 bear, that they may more close stick to their Master, and
 not leavethem without his leave; also they participate less
 of the Nature of the Moon, tho' more of that of the
 Female Sex. Indeed they seem to have a greater Dis-
 position to serve that fairer half of Human kind, and like
 them are less given to run abroad; for in most Countries, if
 they go out of Doors, 'tis generally *incognito*, though in
 some of the Northern Regions, they take the liberty to
 walk the Streets. Like the Sex, they are also somewhat
 Noisy, and such Promoters of Neatness, that besides that
 which is essential to them, they do not a little contribute to
 that of the other Twins. They generally seem very Mo-
 dest, yet in a certain Place, they appear very magnificently
 array'd, and one of them consents to be kiss'd by an infinite
 Number of Men: Yet is not esteem'd a Prostitute;
 Though truly, by the Facility which they shew to enjoy'd,
 and then dismiss'd at Pleasure, they much more deserve to
 be thought such, than their taller Relations.

Æ N I G M A LXVII.

What is my Name? or where I had my Birth?
 That thus surmounts the Surface of the Earth.
 Altho' I'm present in the Shades of Night,
 I'm not discover'd by the Morning Light,

D

When

When Sable Shades adorn the Azure Sky;
 In *Ceres* Works a compleat Help am I;
 Yet none there is that can my Shapes descry.
 Mortals oft do their Want of me declare,
 But they my fierce amazing Terror fear.
 Altho' I have from early Days been known,
 Yet I my Colour unto none have shown.
 Kings crave my Aid, whom I assist in War,
 When Armies join, I'm always present there;
 Yet I in Battles never did appear.
 By what is said, you may my Name descry,
 Altho' alone, I bear no Company.

Æ N I G M A LXVIII.

Bold as a Champion, I my Force maintain,
 And trample down whole Numbers of the Slain.
 No Feet I boast, but Teeth that manage all,
 And make Submit from greater to the Small;
 Sublime's the Place where I engage my Foes;
 On topmost Hills no Bounds my Conquest knows.
 Egg'd on by Honour, I the Passage clear,
 And against *Squadrons*, open War declare:
 When by Success the Victory I have won,
 I to the Place from whence I come return.

Æ N I G M A LXIX.

I came of the *Cyclopean* Race,
 Like them one Eye adorns my Face,
 I'th' the middle of my Forehead plac'd.
 But all the Works the *Cyclop's* have
 Wrought in their Subterranean Cave:
 Ev'n when on *Aphrodite's* Request,
 They on *Aeneas* Shield and Crest,
 The Fate of future *Rome* foretold,
 (As Poets fabuliz'd of old)
 Were not so elegant and fine,
 Or of such various kinds as mine.
 You'd judge me by my Equipage,
 The greatest Warrior of the Age.

For if you do survey me round,
 Nothing but Steel is to be found.
 Yet going arm'd a Cap-apee,
 Like the old Knights of Errantry,
 I am not fam'd for Chivalry.
 Giants or Monsters, I ne're kill,
 But tender Ladies Blood I spill.

Æ N I G M A LXX.

Once as I did the flowry Meadows trace,
 And Thoughts with nimble Wings sprung up apace:
 When Fields were green, and Fancies swiftly flow,
 Like purling Streams, by rapid Motion go.
 Heaps upon Heaps, a Pile so num'rous vast,
 Appear'd in open View, till I at last,
 With Pen and Ink, and Paper did 'em lay,
 (Like Soldiers slain upon Mount *Gilboa*.)
 Which having done I then expose to View,
 Unto the Ladies, as does here ensue.

Come Ladies all, and tell how I began,
 And how my Being did arise; and when:
 For my Creator, from his Mighty Seat,
 Has lately sent me from a Structure Great.
 To some nigh Friends, so richly deckt with Rays,
 Of Sacred Bards crown'd with deserved Bays.
 With steady Eyes they quickly look on me,
 With strange Surprise some welcome Guest to see.
 But fresh when I in open View appear,
 The Groves are naked, and the Branches bear;
 (By th' time they're cloth'd, my Brother's Head does rear.)
 In antient Days, I here no Being had,
 Nor since, till late, tho' like a Soldier clad.
 But being form'd, I now perhaps may last,
 Till the late Evening of the World be past.
 For lo! I tell of mighty Wonders great,
 Which fam'd *Pythagoras* did demonstrate,
 Strange Signs that are near *Jove's* great Seat.
 In antient Days when Poems Creed was sung,
 By the Divinest of the Sacred Throng.

When my great Master did create me here,
 And sent me out abroad he knew not where,
 Then to my Friends I did repair in haste,
 And they with serious Thoughts judge me at last.
 Yet there I dwelt, and thus to Mind did call;
 I do remain your Servants, Ladies all.

Æ N I G M A LXXI.

Whilst in an Adamantine Rock secure I lye,
 Content with my own Warmth, I never fear to dye,
 No Storms or Tempests ever can me fright,
 Nor scorching Heat by Day, or dismal Shades of Night.
 No *Boreas* Blushing from the *Thracian* Plain,
 Nor roaring Billows on the rugged Main.

Yet I am trampled on by ev'ry Fool,
 And made to Rogues and Peasants a mere Tool:
 Still I'm by all (tho' not all time) approv'd,
 'Tis hard to be so us'd, while I'm below'd.

Has nothing Power my Cowardise to move?
 (I long to aspire, my Region is above)
 Yes, if once he, who to the Pole is true,
 Draw near, and give me one smart Blow or two.

I soon am rowz'd, and in a Fury fly,
 And seize on the first Object comes me nigh.
 Then I make War against my best of Friends,
 And those on whom my Being most depends.
 When they're o'recome, if I can bear the sway,
 I kill by Night always more than by Day.

All frightened are who bear my dreadful Name,
 And run in Shoals my haughty Pride to tame.

The Engineers their battering Rams apply,
 And say the World's not safe unless I dye.
 At length I'm vanquish'd by the Power I've scorn'd,
 And all my Splendor into Noise is turn'd.

No pitying Soul bemoans my latest Breath,
 But all rejoyce and glory in my Death.

Yet Logick and Philosophy proclaim
 Aloud, to all, that I no Substance am.

ÆNIGMA LXXII.

In antient Times, when that the World was young,
 And Nature, now decay'd with Age was strong;
 When the *Athenian* Eye her Grace survey'd,
 And Martial *Rome* her val'rous Acts display'd.
 With Reverence, in my Temples, Mortals trod,
 For I was then esteem'd and own'd a God.
 To me they Sacred Hymns with joyful Tongue,
 Requesting my Assistance, gladly sung,
 Tho' Christian Ages, better taught than those,
 A single Object for their Worship chose.
 Yet still they pay Devoirs before my Shrine,
 And own my sacred Force and Pow'r Divine.
 To please the Curious Fair, whose Charms I know,
 (For at my Altar they their Faces show.)
 I'll now ascend, and tell from whence I came;
 Whereby th' Ingenious soon may tell my Name.
 High-born from Heav'n my Origin I brought,
 And ever since have Love and Union taught:
 In Paradise, were my Indentures made,
 And am a Master-Joyner by my Trade.
 Few are the Nations; (if there any be)
 But what employ and find out Work for me:
 What I perform, sometimes may long remain;
 But it is often quickly broke again.
 I rarely make a Joint, that will endure
 Above the Term of fifty Years, secure:
 Tho' either Sex are fond my Skill to know,
 They often curse my Name for what I do;
 But all in vain: Nor I, nor they, can break
 The strong uncertain Closures that I make.

PART III.

ÆNIGMA LXXIII.

A Negro, I, tho' born in Northern Climes,
 And Martyr like I dye, for Merits, not for Crimes;
 Buried

Buried before I'm born, I rise to Light,
 With mangled Limbs, no Arms, no Eyes for Sight;
 Thus fly my Country, but not safe in Flight.
 Trembling through Storms, and Waves, and Seas convey'd,
 In fair *Augusta's* Walls I seek for Aid:
 Then to her Gods I sacred Temples raise,
 And court the Citizens a thousand Ways.
 Visit each House, and whereso'er I go,
 I Brew, I Bake, and all the Drudgery do:
 Yet neither Merit, nor my exil'd State,
 Can Pity move, or screen me from their Hate.
 In Dungeon dark imprisoned I lye,
 And then in Iron Cage, like *Bajazet*, I dye.

Æ N I G M A LXXIV.

In the dark Mansions of the briny deep,
 Un-interrupted I, in safety sleep:
 Mountainous Heaps of Billows o'er me roul,
 Yet I at ease can range from Pole to Pole:
 Visit the Shoars that are yet undiscover'd,
 And all the habitable World beside.
 To Cities great and populous repair,
 And am most conversant among the Fair;
 Where I grow intimate and Friendship gain,
 Despis'd by few, but what are loose and vain.
 The Lover oft hath wish'd it was his Part,
 Like me t' embrace the Charmer of his Heart:
 Like me t' unfold the Secrets he'd explore,
 And hug like me the Charms I cover o'er.
 I in a thousand Habits do appear,
 The richest Gaieties of Courts I wear.
 Nor do disdain the humble rural Dress,
 And pleas'd in that, as well as in Excess.
 Brightly adorn'd, in Palaces I move,
 And meaner clad, in flowry Meads I rove.
 True Emblem of Hypocrisy I am,
 Disguis'd from all, to none expos'd to blame;
 Till once my native Blackness is display'd;
 And then with Scandal I aside am laid.

Æ N I G M A LXXV.

The strongest thing on Earth I be,
Not Sampson's Strength can vie with me :
No mortal Man can bear my Smart,
I always prey upon the vital Part:
By none belov'd, I hated am by all,
But seldom come within the great one's Call :
All living Things yield to my Sovereign Sway.
I thousands by my Power slay,
And numbers by me fall each Day.

Æ N I G M A LXXVI.

Room for a mighty Tyrant, clear the way,
Sent from the Shades beneath,
With Lightning arm'd and Death,
to quell
A numerous Race of Upstarts that Rebel,
Not out of Malice, but of Principle,
Imbib'd from undefigning Men whom they,
Ungrate, before the fatal Day
(Without a frequent Execution)
Wou'd hurry to the Grave too soon.
From my destructive Toil releas'd,
When I have triumph'd o're the Slain
that lie
Neglected by,
Like Martyrs dress'd in White Array;
Scarce can I lay,
My wearied Limbs to Rest,
But a more rig'rous Tyrant comes in haste,
To strap my Lazy Sides, and then,
Refresh'd, I rise to work again.

Æ N I G M A LXXVII.

In the Terraqueous Globe I claim a share,
My fever'd Parts, most Medixerialare;
I sometimes heal, and sometimes taint the Blood,
A wholesome Mixture, when apply'd to Food;

The Crown Revenues are encreas'd by me,
 My Product yields a large Gratuity;
 The Chymick-Art explores my various Use,
 Then Ladies tell the Theme that's so abstruse.

Æ N I G M A LXXVIII.

Before I was expos'd to sight of Day,
 Within the Bowels of a Male I lay;
 Thrice did the great Etherial Lamp return
 From the cold Goat, and thrice the Crab-Fish burn:
 While I by small encrease distend the Womb,
 And Burden to my Bearer did become:
 Yet still my Parent cou'd not bring me forth,
 Till that his Death and op'ning gave me Birth;
 From hence a Change in State and Form I knew,
 And in my Shape was altogether new:
 Was quickly married to an *Indian* Breed,
 Nor can there be a truer Couple Wed:
 In near Embrace I to his Body clung,
 Where'er he went I still upon him hung.
 At length tho' Guilty of no lethal Crime,
 We both were hang'd, and both at the same Time.
 Nor was this thought sufficient Punishment,
 Till that we to a fun'ral Pile were sent,
 Where we in Union close together came,
 And without Pity perish'd in the Flame.

Æ N I G M A LXXIX.

Circled with Fire, and undissolving Snow,
 Two living Doors of humid Corral grow:
 From whole kind Contract with resembling Gates
 My Birthensues: For so ordain the Fates.
 Celestial NECTAR, mixes in my Birth:
 And flowing Joys o'erspread the vital Earth
 In fierce Conjunctions, thus when Twins are form'd;
 The neighbouring Rocks of Pearl by Rapture warm'd.
 Deal Extasy thro' all the Region round,
 And in the Transport, ev'ry Thought confound.
 Two noble World's shaken the vast Excess:
 And mingling Pain encreases Happiness.

Thus

Thus form'd in Rapture, I am fled as soon:
 A Morning Life, that never knows a Noon.
 Yet strong Emotions I with Pow'r excite:
 In flame and feed the mightiest Appetite.
 T' expire so soon were greatly to be mourn'd,
 But that new equal Births are still return'd:
 Besides the noblest Monument I find,
 Embalm'd and Treasur'd in a grateful Mind.

Æ N I G M A LXXX.

I stride upon a Thing that wants no Sadling,
 Nor has it Legs or Bones, and yet thus Stradling,
 And thereupon well mounted, to the End,
 I may two Friends, that are decay'd, befriend;
 When therefore I before them do appear,
 That which to them seems doubtful I make clear,
 And when his Business I have thus begun,
 I'll not dismount, 'till I my Work have done;
 Then shall I to my Lodging be convey'd,
 Until my Friends again require my Aid.

Æ N I G M A LXXXI.

An Almanack came forth of late,
 That never will be out of Date:
 'Tis what some Ladies much delight in,
 And spend good Part o' th' Day and Night in;
 At any time 'twill plainly show
 If Fortune be your Friend or Foe;
 When Stocks do rise, and when they fall;
 Who shall grow rich, and who lose all;
 What Kings are great, and who goes down,
 And who shall win or lose a Crown;
 What Party shall be most in Power,
 What Changes happen ev'ry Hour;
 What Colour will be most in Fashion;
 Who pleas'd, and who'll be in a Passion.
 And since to tell such things I undertake,
 I call'd my self at first an Almanack;
 With which tho' I in several things agree,
 Yet there's another Name belongs to me.

Æ N I G M A

Æ N I G M A LXXXII.

'Tis you, bright *Nymphs*, who in full Lustre shine,
 And in your beauteous Bloom appear Divine;
 Whose ready Wit th' *Ænigma* must explain,
 And tell th' Advantage you by me obtain.
 Envy itself must prove my curious Art,
 Which for you Sakes I'll readily impart;
 But by a strict unchangeable Decree,
 It is entail'd on my own Progeny;
 That it may still belong to me and mine,
 To make the Fair in full Resplendence shine.
 I always am promoting publick Good,
 As every other Creature truly shoud;
 And many thousands constantly employ;
 Some I make rich, and some vain Fools destroy.
 Myriads of Trades owe their first Rise to me,
 The matchless Pattern of true Industry.
 When I was form'd, I was at first design'd,
 Of universal Use to Human Kind:
 But tho' most innocent! yet you'll agree,
 I am not from dirt Apprehensions free:
 For Thunder (that so much all Creatures dread,)
 From which of old e'en *Rome's* bold Tyrant fled,
 Not only staggers me, but strikes me dead.
 I am not link'd to an ignoble Mind,
 But dont disdain to prey upon my Kind.
 Wou'd but the Slothful their own Interest see,
 And in this Case Example take from me;
 Rather than live like Drones, they'd cease to be.

Æ N I G M A LXXXIII.

Some Senses I have, if me you'll believe,
 As for Hearing, indeed, I have none,
 And all Students in Nature agree in the Matter,
 I'm surely as blind as a Stone.
 This also I tell, that I have no Smell,
 Yet a Taste to me none will deny,
 For I well can distinguish 'twixt fresh and salt Relish;
 One's Food, give me t'other I die.

Indeed and good Truth, I have never a Mouth
 To take in my Nourishment by;
 Yet good Liqueur I love, because I do prove
 Good for nothing when e'er I'm a dry.
 Without Legs or Wings, or any such Things,
 From this Place to that I advance;
 But to move or lie still, I am quite without Will,
 For which happens is merely a Chance.
 Very much to my Cost, I am loved by most;
 Love only it is that's my Ruin!
 From my Foes I am free, and shou'd ever safe be,
 Wer'n't my Friends the sad Cause of m'undoing,
 E'en Ladies with Glee me naked do see,
 To strip me all that love me do strive,
 And 'tis mostly observ'd the same Sauce I am serv'd,
 Tho' most am approv'd when alive.
 Pray which of the Creatures, with all these odd Features,
 Good Ladies, d'ye think me to be?
 'Tis plain, when alive, I sensibly thrive,
 And alive me you like well to see.

Æ N I G M A LXXXIV.

By curious Industry and artful Care,
 By cruel Discipline
 Of Stripes and Wounds, and such like Tyranny,
 The World's Instructor I refine.
 With Wit and Beauty to adorn the Fair,
 And ev'n immortalize Mortality;
 What's more surprizing still,
 I scarce can work these glorious Wonders till
 To Human sight I grow invisible.

Æ N I G M A LXXXV.

Drawn from the Womb, a useless Mass, I for a while
 remain
 And Degrees of Heat I pass, e'er I my Beauty gain.
 By Artist then exact'y skill'd, I'm with a Shape endu'd,
 And when compleatly finish'd, fill'd with vital Flesh and
 Blood.
 Much priz'd, to e'ery Sex and Age, a welcome Guest I come;
 And do in divers Feats engage, of which I'll tell you some;

By force the famous *Gordian* Tye, the *Macedon* disjoyn'd,
 But Force and Skill you'll vainly try, to loose the Knot I bind.
 I *Strephon's* Plaint to *Silvia* bear, with much ingenious
 Art;

What in two Hours he'd scarce declare, I in two Words
 impart:

Yet I of what I her apprise, a Tittle never knew;
 And tho' I'm grac'd with num'rous Eyes, can ne'er an
 Object view.

But hold! already I too far, I fear my self unmask;
 Ladies, I pray my Name declare, 'tis sure an easy Task.

Æ N I G M A LXXXVI.

I am a Lady of transcendent Fame,
 Beyond the Southern Queen or *Grecian* Dame!
 Yet vaunt I not my self with stolid Pride,
 Nor enviously with other Ladies chide:
 Yet am not turbulent, nor puff'd in Mind,
 Nor yet salacious, but both Chaste and Kind.

I have two Sisters both of high Degree,
 But of them both I claim Supremacy.
 Tho' many boast they can my Favours gain,
 Yet few there are that do me entertain:
 But like some famous Celebrated Toast,
 The Numbers of my Lovers I do boast.
 There's some with me will not in Wedlock join,
 Because, forsooth, I have too scant of Coin.
 For why? Licentious Times keep me so poor,
 That oftentimes I have been turn'd to th' Door.

Æ N I G M A LXXXVII.

Vulcan begat me, *Minerva* me taught,
 Nature my Mother, Craft nourish'd me Year by Year.
 Three Bodies are my Food, my Strength is in Nought,
 Anger, Wrath, Waste and Noise are my Children dear;
 Guess Friend, what I am, and how I am wrought;
 Monster of Sea, or of Land, or of else-where;
 Know me, and use me, and I may thee defend;
 And if I be thine Enemy, I may thy Life end.

Æ N I G M A

Æ N I G M A LXXXVIII.

Tell me what Genius did the Art invent,
 The lively Image of the Voice to paint.
 Which first the Secret how to colour sound,
 And to give Shape to Reason wisely found.
 With Bodies how to cloath Ideas taught,
 And how to draw the Picture of a Thought:
 Which taught the Hand to speak, the Eye to hear,
 A silent Language roving far and near.
 Whose softest noise out-strips loud Thunder's Sound,
 And spreads her Accents thro' the World's vast Round.
 A Voice heard by the Deaf, spoke by the Dumb,
 Whose Eccho reaches long, long time to come:
 Which dead Men speak as well as those alive:
 Tell me what Genius did this art contrive.

Æ N I G M A LXXXIX.

Tell me sweet *English* Ladies, tell me pray,
 What is it comes to visit us each Day:
 And like a Lyon fiercely does appear,
 Making a dreadful Noise unto the Ear.
 And yet for all he does appear so great,
 In a short Time 'tis glad for to retreat,
 And hides it Head, but whither it does go,
 Or why it comes, there's no Man yet does know.
 In short its Walks are now so common grown,
 That they are almost known to ev'ry Clown.
 Sometimes it causes us great Grief,
 And sometimes yields us great Relief:
 'Tis sometimes high, and sometimes low,
 'Tis sometimes quick, and sometimes slow,
 But when its time of Travel's almost spent,
 It homeward goes, with Tears of Discontent:
 Then streight (puff'd up with Pride) appears as great,
 As if it never offer'd to retreat.

Æ N I G M A XC.

Sure I'm the veriest *Proteus* e'er was seen,
 Sometimes I'm red, then black, then white, then green.

I change my Face an hundred times a Day,
 And in one Shape oft not a Minute stay.
 Sometimes I seem a Doctor, a Physician,
 A Pettifogger, Lawyer, Polititian:
 Sometimes a King, a Prince, a Duke, a Peer,
 A Trooper, Footman, or a Charioteer:
 A Beggar, Madam, Fool, or what's much more,
 Sometimes a Queen, sometimes a common Who—
 All Sexes, Ages, all Degrees I am,
 And in all Shapes I bear my common Name:
 For if I seem a King, I've still my Name,
 Or if a Beggar, still I'm call'd the same.
 Nay, farther; I'm the greatest dissembling Cheat
 That ever Mortal knew, for should I meet
 The holy Quaker, if he should me view,
 He'd say I was a holy Quaker too.
 But when, when all religious Men are gone,
 And I my self am left, Religion I have none.
 Sometimes a Dog, a Bear, a Horse I seem,
 A standing Water, or a running Stream.
 Sometimes I seem all of a burning Fire,
 Untouch'd, unhurt, unburnt, I'm still entire.
 Thus into ev'ry Shape myself I turn,
 There's nought comes near me, but I take its Form.
 Yet tho' such various Forms in me do spring,
 I'm still the self-same individual Thing.

Æ N I G M A XCI.

I'm an odd kind of Monster, and of a strange Shape,
 That the finest of Limners can't perfectly ape:
 Tho' my Colour by most is allow'd to be yellow,
 Yet I make those that keep me, look pale, as doth Tallow.
 On their Vitals I constantly prey Night and Day,
 And with fretting and vexing, I wear them away.
 I make him still seek with a diligent Eye,
 To find out the Thing he's unwilling to spy;
 For when he has found it, it makes him look sad,
 Nay, an hundred to one, but it makes him half mad.
 And whosoever keeps me is highly to blame,
 Therefore if you can, pray discover my Name.

ÆNIG.

Æ N I G M A. XCII.

My Mother's pregnant Womb me long inclos'd,
 Till by rude Hands, I was to Light expos'd.
 Thro' other Hands as rude I after pass'd,
 'Till I was forced what I am at last.
 More Eyes than *Argus* had, with me you'll find;
 Altho' I always was, and still am blind.
 To others, not to me, their Use is great,
 And what wou'd blind all Men, ne'er hurt me yet.
 I have a sturdy Brother that wou'd spill
 Fair Ladies Blood, but I keep off the Ill;
 For which they always have to me Good-will.

Æ N I G M A. XCIII.

We come from Place unknown from mortal Eye;
 In confus'd State, but not by Alchimy;
 Our homogeneous Parts united are,
 And from enormous Mass a Shape we wear,
 Worthy for whom we're made, the charming fair.
 In Splendor we exceed and order too,
 The finest Army which you ever knew:
 Our Troops on Argent Plain exactly stand;
 And yet are broken by the weakest Hand.
 Each shining Troop, when full, scarce count a Score,
 And oncedi order'd, never rally more.
 Seiz'd by the bright *Dorinda*, we become,
 Her Gardes du Corps, and triumph in the Doom:
 Then artfully dispos'd, our Station take,
 To keep *Dorinda's* Dress in modest Shape.

Æ N I G M A. XCIV.

I conquer all that's Mortal here below,
 And to my easie Yoke they freely bow.
 A sweet Content they in my Fetters find,
 And Balsom for a much distemper'd Mind.
 Care's charming Mantle am I rightly stil'd,
 For all Men's anxious Thoughts by me're beguil'd.
 I prove a Medicine for external Pain,
 Physicians Skill without my Aid is vain.

To wandring Exiles I'm a faithful Friend;
 And in my Arms their Sorrows seem to end;
 Yet none e'er sees me by himself possess'd;
 But kindly soothing of another's Breast.

Æ N I G M A XCV.

Altho' I am of little Worth,
 I keep in awe Men of high Birth,
 And bind the greatest Kings on Earth.
 I go beyond the Marriage Noose,
 Ev'n Death my Pow'r can't unloose:
 And what by me is done most soon,
 May last as long as Sun and Moon.
 I in two Mistresses delight,
 Who have the purest Red and White,
 That ever Beauty did compleat,
 With these I softer do the Feat.
 Nor care I who my Action sees,
 I heartily them press and squeeze,
 Nay seldom without Witnesses.
 Altho' with them I have to do,
 An hundred times a Week or so;
 Yet do not I less active grow.
 No feebleness can me invade,
 No Service can my Vigour jade.
 My Off-spring likewise which you see,
 In ev'ry Part resembles me:
 So like, that never any Son,
 Or Daughter since the World begun:
 Their Parents Image did so nicely shew,
 It may be sworn it is my Off-spring true,
 Which Oath your Father can't well take from you.

Æ N I G M A XCVI.

My Friend that laid me in my peaceful Grave,
 Does now rejoyce to find that Life I have.
 He loves me dearly well; but then the way,
 To shew his Love is strangel. He takes my Life away.
 Nay, should I tell the Usage I have had,
 From such a Friend, 's enough to make me mad.

Poor

Poor me he beats, and drowns, and scorches too;
 As if he Pleasure took to find a Death that's new:
 Yet thinking this too small to gain his Ends,
 He cuts and scalds me, then to Prison sends:
 Where I for many Months am forc'd to lye,
 In horrid Darkness and Obscurity.
 But now broke loose, Revenge is in my Hand,
 Some I drive mad, make others sell their Land:
 Some weep, some rave, some musically mad,
 The Wise a Fool, and make the Merry sad;
 Some swearing loud, and others laughing, some
 I make all Tongue, some others always dumb:
 I toil the Brave, I humble Peer and Prince,
 Some I deprive of Life, and some of Sense.
 Yet for all this, to those that are in need,
 And use me well, I am a Friend indeed.

ÆNIGMA XC VII.

Bred in the Womb of Mother-Earth, unseen by Mortal Eyes,
 'Till Nature ripens to the Birth, and then I upwards rise:
 I take a Run on Earth below, can stand, yet have no Feet,
 I take a Round, yet cannot go, and then I mount my
 Height.
 When towering aloft I fly, and beat the gentle Air;
 Protected from th' inclement Sky, yet all its Storms can
 bear.
 When Mortals are involv'd in Ills, I sing with mournful
 Voice,
 If Mirth their Hearts with Gladness fill, I celebrate their
 Joys.
 I, like the glorious Sun above, who rounds the Globe with
 Light,
 In Motion Circular do move, have Beams tho' not so
 bright.
 headstrong and unruly grow, if left unto my Will,
 Which always proves my Overthrow, I sometimes o-
 thers kill.
 I, like the Moon in clouded Air, around I 'th' Dark do range,
 Like her my Movement's regular, like her I'm giv'n to
 change.

And

And as the Lark with warbling Throat ascends upon the Wing;

So I lift up my cheerful Note, and as I mount I sing.

Æ N I G M A XCVIII.

I live in all Things, nothing lives in me;
 I serve all Masters, Master all if free:
 And whilst a Servant, all Men's Love I have,
 When Master grown, am hated as the Grave;
 And quite as mercilefs, I none do spare;
 For all my Servants surely Beggars are.
 I'm us'd by all to keep my Nature's Frame;
 If not well us'd, I do destroy the same.
 If I am starv'd, the Universe must fall;
 And if full fed, I shall subvert it all.
 Oftimes content to serve at Board and Bed;
 At other times lift up my tow'ring Head:
 E'en to the Clouds, at such a Height I grow,
 As if I never thought of being low.
 But for the most Part, I am kept in Awe,
 Ne're being useful, but when I am so.

Æ N I G M A XCIX.

From Heav'n at first with Lucifer I fell;
 But left him in his Passage down to Hell.
 Man entertain'd, and lodg'd me in his Breast,
 And none without me can have Ease or Rest:
 I am the Staff of Age, the sick Man's Health;
 The Prisoners Freedom, and the poor Man's Wealth;
 And tho' some call me false, and others vain,
 I lead the Way to what all seek to gain.
 No Man without me wou'd a Mistress court,
 Nor cross the Seas unto a foreign Port.
 I've told you what I am, and whence I came,
 Now tell me, if you can, what is my Name?

Æ N I G M A C.

Sure I'm the strongest Monster e're was seen;
 I all and ev'ry thing by Turns have been,
 Or am, or may be —————

Fish, and Fowl of every Degree,
 Animals of ev'ry Shape that be,
 and Man of ev'ry Rank and Quality.
 the same Moment, tho' one and the same,
 in a thousand distant Places am.
 sometimes a thing invisible I've been,
 and when I am invisible, I'm seen.
 I sum up Contradictions — I'm sometimes
 A Circle made up of Parallel Lines.

Æ N I G M A C I.

I have a good Servant, deserves a good Name;
 is always at Hand, and scarce ever to blame;
 Rich Men do use him, and by none he's refus'd;
 the Light shines more glorious when e're he is us'd.
 Outside is handsome, as you may suppose;
 he has a large Mouth, and a pretty long Nose.
 I'll tell you this further, which perhaps may you pose,
 I'll show off a neat Case to put on his long Nose:
 My Mouth I keep shut, for 'tis black as is Ink.
 All he devours, does most nauseously stink.

Æ N I G M A C II.

O Gentlemen you, I address my self to,
 for the Name of this flattering Rogue;
 I love it no doubt, so you'll soon find it out;
 for amongst you 'tis greatly in Vogue.
 Smiles in your Face, when the Slave you embrace,
 My Words you will find to be true;
 It leaves a damn'd Curse, like for better or worse,
 Which your Cunning can never undo.
 He that denies it, and with Ease can despise it,
 And makes it his Servant, not Master;
 I find it his Friend, and on him it will tend,
 And comfort him when in Disaster.
 He that pursues it, will highly abuse it;
 For where it's belov'd, it's a Tyrant;
 Destroying your Health, good Humour, and Wealth,
 As surely as if you set Fire on't.

Æ N I G M A CIII.

Nature produc'd me white, and guiltless too;
 But when I with Mankind acquainted grew,
 I lost my Innocence, my native White,
 Grew soil'd, and blacker than the Shades of Night:
 In Schisms, and Treasons, then I bore a Part;
 Nay, e'en defil'd my self with the Black-Art.
 Yet tho' contaminated with all Vice,
 Into such Estimation I did rise:
 That Kings into their Closets me admit,
 And I'm lov'd dearly by all Men of Wit:
 All the fam'd Heroes of Antiquity,
 Had in Oblivion slumber'd but for me.
 I to great *Alexander* did afford
 More Glory, than his own victorious Sword.
 To persecuted Lovers I am kind,
 And absent Friends from me Assistance find.
 Profoundest Sciences I daily teach,
 And yet I never had the Use of Speech.

Æ N I G M A CIV.

He who begot me, did conceive me too,
 Within one Month to a Man's Height I grew:
 And should I to an hundred Years remain,
 I to my Stature not one Inch shou'd gain.
 A hundred Brethren I have here on Earth,
 And all like me of this unusual Birth.
 Some curious Garments do their Limbs adorn,
 And some as naked 'ere as they were born,
 Yet both alike are cold, alike are warm:
 Some want an Eye, and others have no Feet,
 Some have no Arms, others no Legs; and yet
 Most Men esteem them equally with me,
 Tho' I in all my Limbs unblemish'd be.
 And tho' in most Men 'tis esteem'd a Fault
 To look nine Ways at once, in me 'tis thought
 The greatest Beauty, and is chiefly sought.
 To sum up all as briefly as I can,
 I am Man's Off-spring, tho' I'm not a Man.

Æ N I G M A CV.

Master I attend upon,
 Is known almost to ev'ry one.
 Small, nor Great, nor Young, nor Old;
 Nor *India* Hot, or *Zealand* Cold;
 Ev'ry Place, and every one;
 He sometimes comes to wait upon:
 At this Respect he pays each Day;
 But then at Night he goes his Way.
 As for me, tho' I am near,
 Yet very seldom do appear.
 Sometimes before him I do stand,
 Sometimes I wait on him behind;
 Equally I am unseen,
 Whether before or after him.
 True there's some with better Eyes,
 When I'm before him, me espies;
 This is frequently so rare,
 That very few suspect me there:
 When he sometimes is gone to Bed,
 I travel abroad, and shew my Head;
 Then I never long do stay,
 But after him do haste away.

Æ N I G M A CVI.

With a Vizard-Mask am born,
 I shew my Face to th' World I scorn;
 Tho' the curious Searchers strive
 Of my Vizard to deprive;
 If they bite their Nails and frown,
 As I can, I'll keep unknown.
 Am I without Cause thus shy,
 When bold Mortals we descry,
 That very Moment dye.
 Sometimes my Father is a Man,
 Sometimes not, for Woman can
 Get me, but be't he or she,
 Where begets, doth bring forth me.

My Passage also into Light,
 Is to all others opposite;
 For I *Minerva*-like do come
 Forth from the Head, the nobler Womb.
 A Race so ancient, scarce another
 Can boast of; for my eldest Brother
 Did (as unquestion'd Writers show)
 Flourish three thousand Years ago:
 He that *Philistines* did subdue;
 And so hope I to be victorious over you!

Æ N I G M A CVII.

Fetch'd with much Labour from my native Home,
 Around this lower Globe of Earth I roam;
 Pale as the Moon, tho' my Complexion be,
 The brightest Beauties still fall down to me,
 The Oriental Monarchs do me grace,
 And Characters divine print on my Face.
 The Princes of *Great-Britain* and of *France*,
 Give me a Copy of their Countenance,
 The *Dutch Myn-Heer*, who loves me not the least,
 Instead of that doth fix on me a Beast.

Æ N I G M A CVIII.

I am a true Attendant on the Fair,
 To make them handsome is my daily Care;
 And they in Gratitude are kind and free,
 And crown me with a pleasing Liberty.
 Freedom! for which many an am'rous Swain,
 Wou'd give the World he might the like obtain.
 And gaze and envy me in every Place,
 Till my Default brings me into Disgrace;
 Then Torments, such as *Phalaris* Tyranny
 Cou'd ne're invent, are soon prepar'd for me.
 First in a Winding-Sheet encompass'd round,
 Fast bound with Cords I am in Water drown'd:
 A Fun'ral Pile being rais'd, my Corps they burn,
 My Ashes place in a Triangle Urn:
 Where furious Elements do join their Hate,
 And by united Force consolidate

The shatter'd Fragments of my little Bones;
 And make them prove at last more hard than Stones;
 Then, *Proteus*-like, in various Shapes I move,
 And ne're in any fail to meet my Love.

If you wou'd know how me you may unfold,
 Amongst the heav'nly Stars my Name's enroll'd.
 Then view the *North*, and search a Constellation,
 Of twenty seven, and tell me where's my Station?

Æ N I G M A C I X.

When the Creator all Things made, amongst the rest
 were we,

But what the rest seem all to've had, we lack, Posterity!
 Tho' we have ever been a numerous Family.
 We have no Enemy but Human Kind,
 Who always bear a Grudge to us in Mind;
 Where e're they find us, basely they us treat;
 They strip us, slay us, tread us under Feet;
 Tho' still to Mankind only we are Friends,
 Serving them not for one, but several Ends:
 And yet tho' they all other Creatures rear,
 That are for Use, and for their Use prepare,
 To make us live, ne're spend a Minute's Care.
 They, and none else, promote our Extirpation,
 Tho' we ne're give 'em the least Provocation.
 For all this, still to be we do not cease,
 Nor do our Numbers in the least decrease.
 And now fair Nymphs declare, if it be meet,
 Not why, but who, so cruelly you treat?

Æ N I G M A C X.

I have no Eyes, and yet my Nose is long;
 I have no Mouth, and yet my Breath is strong:
 Therefore not to offend, I turn my Back,
 Which yet my Mistress don't unkindly take,
 To whom, that I may make Return in Kind,
 When Guts do grumble, and I must break Wind,
 I use to do't before, and not behind.

How do my Bowels rise and sink again,
 As if my Sides wou'd burst? it doth me strain,
 Like Cholick-Blast, but not with half the Pain.

I like a War the Neighbourhood inflame,
And yet am thank'd, whence you may guess my Name.

P A R T I V.

Æ N I G M A C X I.

NO Prince cou'd e'er like mine a Palace boast,
View but the Workmanship, the Form, the Cost;
Midst Wealth and Splendor I a Captive still,
Reside obsequious to another's Will,
Each Moment I my Keeper's Visits share;
So oft enlarg'd I greet the welcome Air:
No Miser to his Gold so often flies,
So closely grasps it, when he fears Surprise.
Each time my Master does his Visit pay,
He piece-meal steals me from my self away:
Then thro' a Passage dark by Winds I'm blown,
And view the Place, where Fancy holds her Throne.
Past Ages long neglected let me lye,
But now each Sex and Age my Virtues try,
'Tho' scarcely one in ten times ten knows why,
By long Acquaintance I at length grow mild;
Supply fresh Matter, when the Talker's foil'd;
But when a Stranger dares disturb my Peace,
I, the bold Wretch with strong Convulsions seize.
In sacred Domes I am oft useful found;
There drowsie Sinners rouse, like the last Trumpet's Sound.
To me the solemn Politician owes
His grave Address, their Airs the flutt'ring Beaux.
My Aid the Fair preposterously will try
T' improve those Charms, which I too oft destroy.
Tell then my Name; but, for some Reasons guesst,
Ne'er hope to know whereof my Parts consist.
Here some fly Wit th' *Ænigma* apprehends,
And crys, I have it at my Fingers Ends.

Æ N I G M A

Æ N I G M A CXII.

I am no Soldier, but a Friend to Peace,
 Yet where I am the Guns do seldom cease:
 I'm no Divine, but yet my Calling tends,
 To make Men mindful of their latter Ends.
 I'm no Physician, yet few farther pry,
 Or cure Distempers with more Ease than I.
 I am no Statesman, yet none better knows
 Our *English* Frame, and fundamental Laws.
 I am no Merchant, yet what Goods I vent,
 Makes quick Return, with Profit *Cent per Cent*.
 I'm no Musician, yet most Criticks cry,
 My very Name betokens Me'ody.
 But what I am, if you enquire of me,
 I Kinsman am to Dame *Penelope*:
 To see my Works unravell'd, I desire,
 And straight march forward, only to retire.
 I dearly love to throw away my Post,
 And count I'm best rewarded when 'tis lost.
 When all I build falls down, and briefly then,
 All that I do is quite undone again.
 As for my Phiz 'tis warlike all Men know,
 For I resemble Drum and Trumpet too.
 'Tis th' only Mark of Fear on me you'll find,
 That Coward-like, I sneak and come behind.

Æ N I G M A CXIII.

In *England* once a gracious Prince did reign,
 Worthy the World's great Empire to obtain,
 Beauteous his Aspect, his Complexion fair,
 Pleasing and courteous, mild and debonair.
 With early Blessings crown'd, his Riches vast,
 And all that knew him did his Bounties taste.
 In him all Beauty and all Goodness shin'd,
 And justly stil'd Delight of human Kind.

But now his Reign's expir'd, I must proceed
 To shew his Portraiture, which did succeed:
 But so disparent are their Characters,
 That he's his Brother's absolute reverse.

The first, 'tis true, was elder many a Day,
 Yet he was sprightly, juvenile and gay;
 But this, tho' younger, with red, bald and grey.
 With Walls, and Bolts, and Locks he now secures,
 What formerly lay scatter'd out of Doors.
 And yet this drowzy gormondizing Sot,
 With Speed consumes whate'er his Brother got.
 Penurious, and yet poor, and hated so,
 Men arm against him, as a publick Foe.
 Sometimes with furious Rage he roars and raves,
 Stormy as Winds, tumultuous as the Waves:
 Strange Kinds of Tortures he invents by Turns,
 His Slaves he starves, and other while he burns.
 Nor need I to say more, for every one
 That hears me now, has both the Brothers known..

Æ N I G M A CXIV.

Nothing I am, nor real Being have,
 But what quick Thought and lab'ring Fancy gave:
 And yet 'tis I that mighty Deeds have done,
 And measure things past, present, and to come.
 Deep Projects which at first in Secret lie,
 Are brought to Light by my all-seeing Eye;
 Nothing is free from my consuming Power,
 The Wise, the Brave, alike I all devour.
 Those Monuments of which the Ancients boast,
 Wasted by me, are in their Ruins lost.
 No Permanence I have, my Parts slide on,
 As one Wave straight succeeds another gone.
 Thus with swift Pace my constant Course I run,
 In equal Motion, as I first begun.

Æ N I G M A CXV.

There is a Thing much swifter than the Wind,
 And leaves a Dart, nay, Lightning far behind;
 From East to West he'll in a Moment roll,
 Or in a Minute run from Pole to Pole.
 Off it doth mount the highest Orb of Heaven,
 Off down into the Depth of Hell 'tis driven:

Roams 'ore th' infernal Prince of gloomy Plains,
 And views the damned in eternal Chains :
 Down to the Center of the World it goes,
 Nor can the solid Earth its Course oppose ;
 No Lett or Hinderance, Bounds or Laws it knows.
 Can raise vast Armies, lay new Plans of Wars,
 Can set the Elements in Feuds and Jars,
 And to the Earth pulls down the fixed Stars.
 What Place so high, so distant, dark or deep,
 No Place so low, so dangerous or steep,
 Tho' barr'd with Adamantine Rocks about,
 And pent in monstrous Hills, can keep him out.

Æ N I G M A CXVI.

A wondrous Thing in *Southwark* did appear,
 In *June* or *July's* Month last Year ;
 Five Brethren at one Birth were born,
 Without either Flesh, Blood or Bone :
 Two of the five had Beards, and two had none,
 The fifth had but the half of one.

Æ N I G M A CXVII.

When silent Night with Sable did invest
 Our Hemisphere, and Mortals were at rest ;
 With anxious Thoughts, to Bed I took my way,
 Tir'd with the Noise and Hurry of the Day :
 Reflecting on my dear *Eliza's* Scorn,
 Which thus has made me wretched and forlorn.

Tumbling Day, expecting Sleep in vain ;
 Tumultuous Thoughts did so disturb my Brain :
 My parched Bones at last did find some Ease,
 And Slumber on my heavy Eyes did seize.
Morpheus no sooner had compos'd my Rest,
 And laid the Perturbation of my Breast :
 But he a Vision brought before my Eyes,
 Which did my tim'rous Fancy much surprize.

Four Spectres strait before me did appear,
 Despairing Love, *Rage*, *Jealousy*, and *Fear* ;
 Their dismal Aspect shew'd me who they were.

Despairing Love with Tears bedew'd the Ground;
 And cruel Rage did its own Works confound:
 And meagre Jealousy did ghastly stare,
 And Fear look'd wilder than the tim'rous Hare.
 But in an Instant, to my great Delight,
 The Scene did change, and there appear'd in Sight;
 A beauteous Lady, most transcendent gay,
 At which the Spectres dwindled quite away.
 Then did she speak with a Majestick Air,
 "What Mortal's this lies grovling in despair:
 "And here, regardless of my winning Charms,
 "Supinely lies with cold distorted Arms:
 "As tho' it were not in my Pow'r to please,
 "Or to thy Love-sick Passion give thee Ease.
 Then did I take her to my throbbing Breast,
 Thinking my self of Heaven straight possesst.
 In the Enjoyment took I such Delight,
 I could have wish'd for an eternal Night.
 But lest that she again from me shou'd fly,
 I ask'd her Name? To which she made Reply;
 "I am that great Panpharmacon, which cure
 "All Passions of the Mind Mortals endure;
 "To pining Lovers I strait way give Ease;
 "Zoilus and Momus I can soon appease:
 "And jealous Juno I can pacify,
 "And make her live with Love in Unity.
 "To Wretches poor, whose Wants scarce let 'em live,
 "The Philo'sophick Stone I them can give.
 "And greedy Midas, who for Gold doth cry,
 "By Transmutation I can satisfy:
 "And in Contempt of Fortune's giddy Wheel,
 "I arm poor Mortals they no Crosses feel.
 Thus she her self explain'd in various Ways,
 Whilst I in Transports did set forth her Praise;
 In Love's sweet Raptures did we spend the Night,
 Our Love repeating still with new Delight.
 Till bright Aurora blush'd to see me there,
 Then I arose, quite cur'd of my Despair.

Æ N I G M A CXVIII

I challenge Nature from her Store or Magazine to shew
 One thing that doth by its great Age, or Use, the stronger
 grow;
 Or any thing but what proceeds forth from its Mother
 Earth,

Or else begotten is by two, and brought unto the Birth.

Yet I by Years my Strength increase, and Use doth not
 impair,

But as the Number doth amount, so I the stronger am:
 And as most Men at forty Years their Strength begins to
 fall,

E're half that time or more I pass, I scarce have strength
 at all:

And as all Creatures in their kind, 'twixt two begotten be,
 I so far differ from them all, 'tis thousands that got me.

Æ N I G M A CXIX.

My Ladie's Lap-Dog, pretty *Chlo*,
 Colours of ev'ry kind can show;
 With lovely shape, and piercing Eyes,
 Fine Head, and Ears of curious Size,
 But what's most strange, yet very true;
 The which to tell, I challenge you:
 He's got a Thing the very same,
 As ev'ry thing as you can Name.

That's strange (you'll say) what has he like;

A Hog, or Porridge-Pot, or Pike?

A Crown, a Spur, a Silver Spoon?

A Ship, or *Vigo's* mighty Boom?

A Looking-glass, or Bottle-beer?

An oval Table, or Cain Chair?

An Angel, Devil, or a Tub?

A Book, a Quill, or Sillabub?

Yet has he got a Thing the very same,

As each of these, or ought else you can name.

Æ N I G M A CXX.

Let it be so, e'en the Creator spoke:

Whence Sun; Moon, Stars, Earth, Sea, their Beings took.

I did exist, and have Existence still,
 And on this wretched Globe shall live, until
 The last tremendous Trumpet shall be blown,
 To summon all before the Heav'nly Throne.
 In Heav'n I was when th' Angels did rebel,
 I egg'd 'em on, and caus'd their Doom to Hell.
 In Eden I, when Abel there was slain,
 Urg'd to that horrid Fact accursed Cain.
 I ever since on Earth like Crimes commit;
 Where Adam's Race do all to me submit.
 I've Bus'ness withall, by all I am us'd;
 By some carefs'd, by others am accus'd.
 Vast Empires, haughty States endure my Chains;
 Monarchs my Power obey, and Rural Swains.
 The Christian, Infidel, the Jew, and Turk,
 Papist, and Protestants, I set on Work,
 Dissenters of all Sects, Whigs, Tories, all
 Submissive yield to my tyrannick Thrall.
 The Statesman, Lawyer, Naturalist, and Grave
 Divine; the full grown Man, Child, Fool, and Knave
 The Soldier, Sailor, all on Land or Sea,
 Father, Son, Marry'd, Single, Bond and Free,
 Beauties, Wits, Criticks, all are Slaves to me.
 My Properties and Faults thus having told,
 'Tis the fair Ladies must my Name unfold.

Æ N I G M A CXXI.

Known, and so obvious to the literal Race
 Of prying Men, and the more curious Sex,
 Ycleped Fair, to paint my Properties
 In Colours *Ænigmatic*, and to show
 My Name's an arduous Task: But then, O Muse!
 Whom feeble Bards invoke with graceful Aid
 Advance the Work propitious, and suggest
 Redundant Phrase, and sounding Pomp of Words
 Most splendidly nigrescent, that at once
 (Like *Philomel*, that in some tufted Bush
 Obscurely chants the Pleasures of the Night
 Warbling, and fills the Grove with secret Song)
 May allure by number tuneless set,

And darkling sing unseen : From Parents dear
 Of Flesh and Blood I spring : A Twelve Months time
 From my first Peep of Being, doth produce
 My greatest Strength ; but I am ne'er endued
 With the kind Vital Flame, a fertile she
 May give me Birth, but oft a generous Male,
 Bears my encreasing Bulk ; when born I act
 Wonders amazing ; for sometimes I give
 Laughing Diversion to a circling Club
 Inopinate, sometimes in speech severe,
 I scatter Terror thro' the trembling World,
 Dread Messenger of multifarious Woe :
 'Tis I, that send the anxious Lover Pain,
 Or cool his Breast with *Chloes* calmer Thoughts
 Relenting ; mighty Kings have often made
 My Company a Solace to their Cares ;
 Grave Judges, Learn'd Physicians, Great Divines,
 Chuse me their Friend, who consecrate their Name
 To long succeeding Years, of hoary Time
 Indelible ; and from my fatal Mouth
 Edicts proceed the Sentences of Death,
 To distant Criminals ; but lest I should
 Garr'lous discover what I strive to hide,
 I'll here no more unfold, but leave the rest
 To fair Diviners, and the pretty Skill
 Of riddling Wits, who doubtless will unfurl
 The envious covering of ambiguous Words,
 And grace the following Pages with my Name.

Æ N I G M A CXXII.

Of the wing'd Race I far the brightest shine,
 There's few whose Merit can compare with mine !
 My Plumes are eminently rich and gay,
 Most happy those ! with whom I deign to stay,
 When I am with 'em they are always priz'd,
 But in my Absence justly are despis'd.
 Those who possess my Love are never poor,
 I to the Wise great Safety do procure,
Achilles shield cou'd not so well Secure.
 To Power, Wealth, and Honour I promote,
 Some of my Friends, and some by me are brought

T' enjoy

To enjoy much Satisfaction of the Mind,
 One way or other I to all am kind.
 Yet (Strange to tell!) by many I'm contemn'd;
 Virtue sure stoops its Head and falls condemn'd;
 When Worth like mine so little is esteem'd!
 Others there are who use me carelessly,
 Regarding not my Matchless Company;
 But know I do deserve your utmost Care,
 Nay, and your utmost Pains you must not spare
 To keep me with You: I command Respect.
 And soon take Leave upon the least Neglect.
 If I but once am on the Wing, in vain
 You call, you rave, and grievously complain:
 For 'tis no Human Pow'r nor mightiest Men,
 With all their Art can charm me back again:
 No! for I ever leave that Wretch forlorn,
 To wish, in vain, he never had been born.

Æ N I G M A CXXIII.

I have no Tongue, yet elegantly speak
 The noblest *Latin* and sublimest *Greek*.
 I have no Toes; and yet I have six Feet;
 I move in Measure, Smooth, Serene, and Sweet.
 I'm pleasing, yet Majestick; soft, yet strong,
 I'm White, and yet I'm Black, I'm Short, yet Long.
 A Favourite to *Augustus* Court I came,
 I gave him Lawrels, and he gave me Fame.
 I magnified the Virtues of those Times;
 Yet with an equal Boldness lash'd the Crimes.
 Triumphant Victors at my Will I lead,
 O'reprostrate Crowns, and Mountains of the dead.
 At my Command they conquer, live and reign,
 If I a more disastrous Fate ordain,
 They lye inglorious, wounded, vanquish'd, slain.
 'Tis I that made *Alcmena's* Son so great,
 And Monsters, Giants, Tyrants did create,
 To advance his Trophies on their abject Fate.
 Tho' I have liv'd above two thousand Years,
 In me no Symptoms of Decay appears;
 My Genius for devouring Time's too strong;
 Ever flourish, lovely, gay, and young.

My Birth's preposterous; such (in Times of Old)

The fabulous Poets of *Minerva* told;

So she was form'd, and cast in such a Mold,

In that same Hour, whence I my Being drew,

To absolute Maturity I grew.

No Female was assisting to my Birth;

My Sire alone conceiv'd and brought me forth.

Æ N I G M A CXXIV.

I am the Parent which to Time give Birth,

Th' Allayer of immod'rate Grief and Mirth:

Revenge and Malice often I make tame,

And turn the Lyon to the harmless Lamb.

Deep Secrets I reveal, and what to Sight

Of Men is hid, I surely bring to Light.

I'm both the Child and Heav'n's Companion,

Began and travail with the Moon and Sun;

In Motion ever, rest nor Day, nor Night,

Hold the same Course, whether't be Dark or Light;

No Storms or Sunshine make me mend my Pace,

But constant always hold an equal Race.

E'er since the World's Creation tho' I be,

And am grown old, it's end I hope to see.

My self I go before, and follow too,

By my own Foot-steps I myself pursue.

And what's most strange, whereas nothing am I

Yet ev'ry Day I'm born, and ev'ry Day I dye.

Æ N I G M A CXXV.

My Dame she said, Sirs, call in *Kate*!

It's time that she her Breakfast eat.

Now *Kate* to order was the same;

But by Directions of my Dame,

Some Milk was in a Skillet put,

For want of Care, the heedless Slut,

Stumbling she let the Skillet fall

Amongst the Coals, with Milk and all:

My Master joking, says to th' Maid,

No crying *Kate*, for Milk that's shed.

My Dame, crys she, will give no more,

So *Kate* the Milk took off the Floor;

And in a trice she wash'd it so,

That it became as white as Snow;

G

And

And was as useful as before
 It got the Fall upon the Floor:
 Now Madam tell, I beg you will,
 What was the Milk-Maid's Art and Skill,
 In washing Milk? because we meet
 With Pitchers off broke in our Street.

Æ N I G M A CXXVI.

When pale *Lucina*, Governess of Night,
 Had given way to the approach of Light,
 And welcome Dame *Aurora* newly born,
 Open'd the Crimson Curtains of the Morn:
 Young *Astrophel* advanc'd his lovely Crook,
 And to a verdant Mead drove down his Flock;
 Where beautiful *Dorinda* all alone,
 Was to the Woods and Fountains making Moan;
 (Only a little pretty charming Boy,
 Shar'd in her Grief, and bore her Company.)
 Fair Shepherdess, said *Astrophel*, what mean
 These Sighs, these Groans, this melancholy Scene?
 What makes you thus hang down your drooping Head?
 Have you an Husband, or a Sister dead?
 For surely nothing less could make you tear
 With raging Passion, thus your flowing Hair?

No, courteous *Astrophel*, I never had
 An Husband or a Sister, (O I'm mad!)
 When 'ere I think, that this Boy's Mother lay
 In my dear Mother's Womb; Shepherd away!
 I've told the Cause of all my Grief and Woe,
 And now what Kin this Boy's to me, you'll quickly know.

Æ N I G M A CXXVII.

As I lay in a Heat
 Which made my Back-side sweat;
 A sudden Blast arose,
 And out the Batter throws;
 It ran down on my Skin,
 A love thick and thin,
 Which as *Faustus* did spy,
 Not suffering me to lye,
 She lickt my Buttocks clean,
 (O nasty filthy Quean)

And

And yet you Ladies nice,
 Have not been much more wise,
 For oft you've kist my Bum,
 Then since you know me tell from
 whence I come.

Æ N I G M A CXXVIII.

It is well known, last Winter that,
 One Night it came to pass,
 My mother did bring forth a Child,
 And I that Issue was.
 Yet 'fore I was a full Month old,
 ('Tis not so strange as true)
 I was deliver'd of a Child,
 And 'twas my Mother too.

Æ N I G M A CXXIX.

Altho' I was conceiv'd of Old,
 Yet I am born each Day,
 To speak the Truth I dare be bold,
 When Father say I may.
 Sometimes a Man does me conceive,
 At other times a Woman
 My Parent is; you may believe
 It is a Thing uncommon.
 Altho' my Size it be but small,
 Strange Secrets I discover,
 Without a Salve I often heal
 The discontented Lover.
 The hidden Secrets of the Heart
 To me revealed are;
 The same to others I impart,
 And fully do declare.
 To some I tell a mournful Tale,
 Tidings of Losses great:
 Others with Pleasure I regale
 And make their Joys compleat.
 No Tongue I have, yet plainly speak,
 Nor have I any Feet;
 Yet Journeys great I oft do take,
 And Emperors do greet.

Some in a Rage my Skin do tear,

Hard is my Fate you'll say ;

I have explain'd my Character,

What is my Name, I pray ?

Æ N J G M A CXXX.

My Birth is mean, but old my Pedigree,

And vulgarly I'm deem'd a *Raparee*.

But those who know me to be skill'd in War,

Allow I act more like a bold *Hussar*.

Wife Nat'ralists who scan my Properties,

On me make Proverbs, Emblems, Similies.

Were I a *Proteus*, I would change my shape,

Such different Ranks, my Politicks do ape.

A Statesmen, Lawyer, and a *Yorkshire Bite*,

A *Dutch Mynheer*, a *Scot*, a Parasite.

Freedom and Peace, are what I most prefer,

Yet still Involv'd in a defensive War.

Nobles and Peasants all make War with me,

With Horse well disciplin'd, and Infantry.

Where I encamp, when they can me enclose,

Th' enrag'd Plebeians are my Mortal Foes,

But when their Forces closely me pursue,

I practise Art when Strength, I find, wont do.

Doubles and Counter-marches then I make ;

Yet often forc'd to my strong Holds to take :

Where Close-besieg'd, my Art I still display,

Casting Redoubts to guard my Covert way.

I straightly watch the Enemy's Design,

And dext'rously their Works I countermine.

Which when perceiv'd, my progress to retard

They straightway Post a furious Piquet-guard :

Which I attack, and then again retire,

Till Strength, and Art, and all with Life expire.

And as a Triumph after I am Dead,

They first expose, and then they sell my Head.

The Antients plac'd their Heroes all in Heav'n,

But unto me they no such Place have Giv'n.

The Sacred Writ makes mention of my Name,

And you're desir'd for to unfold the same.

Æ N I G M A CXXXI.

Silence ye Tories, lofty Whigs attend,
 Each fair Ænigmatist Assistance lend.
 Whilst I a Tyrant's wond'rous Deeds remark,
 In Metaphors obscure, Allusions dark.

The learn'd his Title variously explain'd,
 Some held *de Facto*, others *Jure* gain'd;
 But all agree some hundred Years he's reign'd.
 Whom Plots nor Poysons fatal to the great,
 Nor all the secret Engineers of State
 Nor ean pretending Rivals extirpate.
 Invasions foreign, Dauntless has withstood,
 Enamel'd o'er with Wounds and painted gay with Blood;
 Contending Parties vain Supports he calls,
 To his Rage Victims undistinguish'd falls,
 To make his Birth surprizing to Mankind,
 A merry God and wanton Goddess joyn'd.
 But he degenerate Wretch in Fetters binds
 Or Male or Female, to no sex confin'd.
 All Tyes of Gratitude and Friendship scorns,
 And for good Usage ever ill returns.
 The Rich and Easie his Resentment feel,
 Whilst rugged Swains laugh at the threatned Wheel.
 Pleas'd with his Frowns all passively submit,
 Nor their Allegiance, Love or Friendship quit,
 For he not many Subjects dooms to die,
 But rather Life prolongs in Misery.

Thus those unhappy Slaves that Gallies row,
 And nought but Pain and Stripes and Sorrows know.
 Drudge on and chearfully endure the Chains,
 Whilst Life and pleasing Liberty remains.

Æ N I G M A CXXXII.

Say who I am, bright Nymphs, for surely you,
 Or none can prove such Paradoxes true,
 As in the subsequent Discourse you'll find,
 No mortal is more constant to his Friend,
 Than I; and yet on t'other Hand 'tis strange,
 There's none more wavering, or more apt to range.
 All known Parts of the World I travel o'er,
 Tho' a Recluse, who ne'er stir out of Door;

By Sea and Land to ev'ry Coast I come,
 Tho' like the Quack, I travel much at home:
 To stand on Picket which the Soldiers dread,
 Enlivens me who otherwise am dead.
 Hanging's the last Course does to some befall,
 But I unhung, can shape no Course at all.
 Yet soon as hung, I scamper too and fro,
 Looking out Sharp quite round me as I go.
 Altho' I have no Eyes: nor can I rest,
 'Till I the Object find I fancy best:
 Whom I respect still with my noblest part,
 Altho' he be but of a stony Heart:
 I am remarkable for Constancy,
 Yet fickle Mortals learn to rove from me.
 Without doors, I in Houses am confin'd;
 And tho' I am my self opaque and blind,
 I so enlighten others that they know,
 By me, tho' senseless, where they ought to go.
 I stand divided too, tho' whole and sound,
 In Quarters, which tho' old, a new are found.
 Thus I by flat Absurdities made clear,
 Shall tho' conceal'd, to the fair Sex appear.

Æ N I G M A CXXXIII.

Doom'd to the Horrors of a gloomy Cell
 Of melancholy Shades, as black as Hell,
 We're bury'd underneath th' aspiring Head
 Of a bright monumental Pyramid:
 As old *Egyptian* Kings enbalmed lie,
 In mournful Pomp, and silent Majesty.
 That we're entomb'd, must strike you with surprize,
 For who can think that Monarch ever dies,
 Which has the Pow'r, like us t' immortalize?
 Here unassail'd by foreign Forces, we
 Should slumbering in perpetual silence lye,
 In mighty Liquor sow'd, and drown'd in Luxury.
 At last the creaking Vault disturbs our Peace,
 And op'ning, all our drowsie pleasures cease:
 Then toss'd in restless Waves from shore to shore,
 We're press'd, and teas'd and tumbld e'er and o'er,
 We're prob'd in ev'ry Vein and drain thro' ev'ry pore.

Inſatiate Leeches of Completion pale,
 Disgorging quick Digestion never fail
 To soak our juicy Treasure all away,
 And quaff immortal Nectar ev'ry Day.
 The mighty Ocean from our Torrents fill'd,
 Thro' these Alembicks artfully distill'd,
 Flows more diffusive than the Waves of Nile,
 Gladding with fruitful Streams th' *Aegyptian* Soil,
 Does with far nobler Blessings raise its Head,
 With glorious Wonders the whole Word o'erſpread
 Supports the living, and revives the dead.

Æ N I G M A CXXXIV.

When the warm Sun withdraws its genial Rays
 And longer Nights succeed declining Days:
 I to my Winter's Bed with haste repair,
 Shunning th' Inclemencies o'th' frozen Air;
 Within the hollow of a Rock immur'd,
 From all th' Attacks of Northern blasts secur'd:
 In pleasing Sleep I pass whole Months away,
 Nor see the setting Sun, nor dawning Day.
 No Thirst disturbs me in my long Retreat,
 Nor keener Hunger dictates when to eat.
 Whilst in the Fetters of long Sleep I'm bound,
 My lazy Blood ne'er circulates around;
 No Spirits take their flight thro' every Pore,
 Inanimate I lye and am no more.
 Till *Phæbus* does with active heat return.
 And call me from my solitary Urn:
 To intimate the blooming Spring is near,
 And introduce the Verdure of the Year;
 Then near some stately Seat I fix my Stay,
 And sport and sing the merry Hours away.
 The sage Philosopher who all things knows,
 Shall tell my Story and my Rithme disclose.

Æ N I G M A CXXXV.

Most lovely situate on a rising Ground
 A pleasant City stands whose Walls are round:
 Built for a Fence against both Foes and Cold;
 With but one entring Port like *Troy* of Old:
 Within such curious Streets and Houses are,
 So uniformly built, and regular,

As might with Wonder and Amazement strike
 The best of Architects to do the like:
 Their Government's a glorious Monarchy,
 Where all the Subjects free Allegiance pay.
 Whether from royal Ancestors their Prince
 Derives his Tokens of Preeminence:
 Or whether from his noble Stature he,
 Like goodly *Saul*, gains Superiority;
 His Person's such as speaks him born to rule,
 And all obey his Laws without Controul.
 Here all the Citizens well armed are,
 And yet they seem more prone to Work than War.
 Tho' as we find in *Nehemia's* Days,
 Those zealous *Jews* who did the Temple raise,
 Wore Weapons at their Work, so must they here,
 Or else be exil'd, as the slothful are;
 Their sprightly Youth are very often found
 To sally out and storm the spacious Round:
 With such tumultuous Noise they fill the Skies,
 As sets th' adjacent Dwellers in Surprise:
 Who finding that they can't by Force subdue
 This Insurrection, have Recourse unto
 Persuasive Stratagems, and forthwith beat
 A Parley; and of Peace resolve to treat;
 Nay gladly yield to this Capitulation,
 To grant new Cities for their Habitation.
 But mark th' Inconstancy of ev'ry State!
 For this like others must submit to Fate,
 And that a dismal one; much like what we
 Of *Sodom* read in sacred History:
 Oh sad Catastrophe! in Flames of Fire,
 And Sulph'rous Smoak, they all at once expire,

Æ N I G M A CXXXVI.

In all rich Minerals I'm found,
 Old Mother Earth with me abounds;
 But yet to make the Matter plain,
 Not in her Bowels nor in any Vein.
 I'm often known in Air to rise,
 And yet a Stranger to the Skies.

Some-

Sometimes in hottest Fires I'm seen,
 But from their Flames my self I screen.
 The purling Streams are my Delight;
 I live in Water Day and Night;
 Yet fly the noisy foaming Main,
 And from all Ponds and Lakes abstain.

Æ N I G M A CXXXVII.

Fortē duæ Comites cursu contendere certant,
 Atq; unam Metam præpes utraq; petit;
 Tempore carceribus sic egrediuntur Eodem,
 Posterior prima, ad quinque secunda pedes:
 Centum mille gradus procedunt tramite recto,
 Inter utramq; tamen quinque fuere pedes;
 Nec plus; quod merito solers mirabere Lector,
 Hac dum velocior tollitur illa duplo;
 Nomine currentum, jam si depromere possis
 Dilecta quadam Phillida dignus eris.

Æ N I G M A CXXXVIII.

Nascimur Æthiopes, Boreæ sub sidere quamvis:
 In lucem trahimur pedibus manibusque carentes;
 Sic patriam fugimus. Mox vastum scindimus æquor,
 Perq; graves ventos, prædones, perque procellas.
 Devehimur, donec tandem melioribus auris
 Londino potimur, cui surgere Tempia jubemus;
 Hospitis atque novi domus omnis sentit amorem.
 Nec bene quod meriti fuimus, nec jura tuentur
 Hospita, quam statuant in nos asperrima quæque.
 Arcti carceribus sine lumine tradimur, inde
 Cratibus inclusi morimur; sic Bajazet olim.

Æ N I G M A CXXXIX.

My Form is beauteous to allure the Sight,
 My Habit gay of Colour gold and white;
 Most nicely shap'd, though of Proportion small,
 Admir'd by many, and belov'd by all.

When *Sylvia* takes the Air, it is my Pride
 To walk with equal Paces by her Side.
 Sitting, her silken Lap becomes my Nest,
 And sleeping I in her Apartment rest:
 Incur her Person constantly remain,
 A Favourite Slave bound in a Golden Chain.

And O how blest would *Sylvia's* Lover be,
 Cou'd he exchange Estates with humble me!
 Yet I without Delight can near her stand;
 Nor feel the charming touches of her Hand,
 And when she casts on me auspicious Rays,
 I view no Feature of her lovely Face,
 Blind and insensible of ev'ry Grace.

Some hold that Birds and Quadrupeds, tho' seen
 To walk and fly, yet move but by Machine;
 That all Things but the human kind (they'll prove)
 Not by Instinct, but hidden Engines move;
 Tho' empty Speculations these, they'll be
 Demonstrative, when 'ere they're spoke of me;
 For though I can both speak, and go alone,
 Yet are my Motions to my self unknown.

Æ N I G M A CXL.

I was born Dead and one whole Month I lay
 Senseless and Stupid as a lump of Clay;
 But like *Pygmalion's* Image, which 'tis said
 Of a dead Statue grew a living Maid;
 Just so my Limbs endued with vital heat,
 Took Motion and my Pulse began to beat:
 But oh my hapless Lot! by adverse Fate,
 Condemn'd to a perpetual Captive State.
 In such a narrow Dungeon was I pent;
 Too strict and rigid my Imprisonment;
 That in my Lodging Room cou'd not be found
 Where I cou'd stand upright or turn me round:
 Taken at last from thence when weak and faint,
 A larger Prison sweetned my Restraint;
 Where now in Robes of various Colours dress'd,
 I'm ev'ry Day well fed and still caress'd;
 Yet still confin'd I round my Prison walk;
 And thro' my Grate to Passengers I talk,
 What Language 'tis I speak I cannot tell;
 But those which hear me understand me well.



An Explication of all the *ÆNIGMAS* contain'd in the Four PARTS.

ÆNIGMA

I. *A Puppet Show.*
 II. *The Devil.*
 III. *Gun-Powder.*
 IV. *Snow.*
 V. *Some think it one thing, some another; for my part, I own my self partly of the Sentiments of an Honourable Person, who believes that it refers much to Cowley's Verses, Thou Thing of subtille slippery kind, Which Women lose, and yet no Man can find, And as the Lady had it not to give, I suppose she pretend- ed at least to give it him, to make the Blessing the greater.*

VI. *Rain.*
 VII. *Flora.*
 VIII. *A Cypher.*
 IX. *A Wasp.*
 X. *A Rose.*
 XI. *Pam at Cards.*
 XII. *Tears.*
 XIII. *Fancy.*
 XIV. *The Letter R.*
 XV. *A Looking-Glass.*
 XVI. *Paper.*
 XVII. *Pains.*
 XVIII. *A Snail.*
 XIX. *Quicksilver.*
 XX. *The Air.*
 XXI. *A Glass of Claret.*
 XXII. *Fire.*
 XXIII. *A Lamp.*
 XXIV. *The Eye.*
 XXV. *Laughter.*
 XXVI. *A Bell.*

ÆNIGMA

XXVII. *An Oyster.*
 XXVIII. *Jesuits-Bark.*
 XXIX. *A River.*
 XXX. *Time.*
 XXXI. *A Bed.*
 XXXII. *Time.*
 XXXIII. *Pride.*
 XXXIV. *The Alphabet.*
 XXXV. *Wheat.*
 XXXVI. *A Letter.*
 XXXVII. *A Weather Cock*
 XXXVIII. *A F—t.*
 XXXIX. *A Bed.*
 XL. *A Tobacco-Pipe.*
 XLI. *The Tongue.*
 XLII. *Lace.*
 XLIII. *A News-Pa*
 XLIV. *A Shadow.*
 XLV. *Ditto.*
 XLVI. *A Goose.*
 XLVII. *A T—*
 XLVIII. *An E*
 XLIX. *A Book.*
 L. *A Bubble.*
 LI. *A Wax Candle.*
 LII. *A Pen.*
 LIII. *Dice.*
 LIV. *The Nose.*
 LV. *A Pack of Cards.*
 LVI. *Fame.*
 LVII. *Love.*
 LVIII. *Ambition.*
 LIX. *A Phoenix.*
 LX. *Truth.*
 LXI. *Beauty.*
 LXII. *Wis.*
 LXIII. *A Trumpet.*
 LXIV. *Thought.*
 LXV. *Tyranny.*

LXVI. A Pair of Slippers.

LXVII. The Wind.

LXVIII. A Comb.

LXIX. A Needle.

LXX. The Ladies Diary.

LXXI. Fire.

LXXII. Marriage.

LXXIII. Coals.

LXXIV. A Pair of Stays.

LXXV. Hunger.

LXXVI. A Razor.

LXXVII. Salt.

LXXVIII. A Candle.

LXXIX. A Kiss.

LXXX. A Pair of Spectacles.

LXXXI. A Pack of Cards.

LXXXII. A Silk-Worm.

LXXXIII. An Oyster.

LXXXIV. A Penknife-edge.

LXXXV. A Ring.

LXXXVI. Charity.

LXXXVII. A Gun.

LXXXVIII. Writing.

LXXXIX. The Tide.

LXXXX. Looking-Glass.

LXXXXI. Jealousie.

LXXXXII. A Thimble.

LXXXXIII. Pins.

LXXXXIV. Sleep.

LXXXXV. A Seal.

LXXXXVI. Barley.

LXXXXVII. A Bill.

LXXXXVIII. Fire.

LXXXXIX. Hopes.

C. Chaos.

CI. A Pair of Snuffers.

CII. Brandy.

CIII. A Pen, Quills.

CIV. A Picture.

CV. Mercury.

CVI. A Riddle.

CVII. A Key.

CVIII. A Silver Girdle.

CIX. Mushrooms.

CX. A Pair of Bellows.

CXI. Snuff.

CXII. A Glyster.

CXIII. Summer and Winter.

CXIV. Time.

CXV. Fancy.

CXVI. A Rose.

CXVII. Contentment.

CXVIII. —

CXIX. The Meaning of
this Riddle is, that *Chlo* has a
Name, as well as every Thing
else; alluding to that short
Enigmatical Question; A
Pudding has that which every
Thing has, pray what has Pud-
ding?

CXX. Discord.

CXXI. A Pen.

CXXII. Reputation.

CXXIII. Heroick Verse.

CXXIV. Time.

CXXV. Milk frozen.

CXXVI. *Dorinda's* Bastard.

CXXVII. A roasted Apple.

CXXVIII. Ice.

CXXIX. A Letter.

CXXX. A Fox.

CXXXI. The Gout.

CXXXII. The Mariners

Compass.

CXXXIII. Cotton in an

Ink-horn.

CXXXIV. A Swallow.

CXXXV. A Bee-Hive.

CXXXVI. The Letter R.

CXXXVII. Rose.

CXXXVIII. Carbones.

CXXXIX. A Watch.

CXL. A

E I N I S.



